

THE FAVORITE

VOL. II.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CV.

THE GITANA

Expressly translated
for the FAVORITE
from the French
of Xavier de
Montepin.

VI.—(Continued.)

BROTHER & SISTER.

"Senorina," said the servant, the salts are not sufficient; the shock on the brain must have been something frightful, we shall have to bleed him."

"Can you do it, Pablo?"

"Certainly, Senorina; but I have neither lancet nor bandage with me."

"In that case you must lose no time in carrying this young man to my father's house. Tell the negroes to put down the litter, quick. I will get out and you must put him in my place."

"But, Senorina—"

"Not a word more. Put him in and be quick about it. We have no time to lose."

The exchange accomplished, the young girl and her attendants started homeward. As the little cortege turned into the Caña de L'Obispo, Carmen and Morales left the empty house where they had been concealed.

"Well," said the other with an ironic laugh, "I hope you are satisfied now with regard to your protégé; I can guarantee that he will be well looked after and by a pretty nurse into the bargain."

Carmen hung her head and made no answer. "And as rich as she is pretty," continued the other in a mocking tone. "And, by the way, do you know, sister, that I should not be surprised if before long your protégé were to have masses sung for the repose of the soul of your Mexican there. The poor devil has done him a good turn after all."

"How so?" asked Carmen, absently. "In trying to kill him?"

"Exactly."

"I don't understand you, Morales." "And yet it is as clear as daylight, there is a young man who is wounded—consequently an interesting young man—introduced into the house of a pretty young girl who will nurse him and take care of him. And what will the result be? Of course the handsome young man and the pretty young girl will fall in love, and the attempted assassination will end in a wedding."

Carmen vouchsafed no reply.

"Why don't you answer?" asked Morales.

"Because I have nothing to say."

"Yet one would suppose that this charming picture is not exactly to your taste."

"Don't be foolish, Morales. Don't be cruel."

"Cruel! I cruel! because I predict a happy future for your protégé. It seems to me you ought to be pleased since you take such an interest in the young fellow; for after all it is to you that he will owe his good fortune. You are the cause of his quarrel with the Mexican. If it had not been for this quarrel, Ramirez would never have attempted to assassinate him, and I should not have killed Ramirez. And yet, my poor sister, such is the ingratitude of the world, that I venture to predict that we shall receive no invitation to the wedding."

During this dialogue the brother and sister had been following at a respectful distance the palanquin which now turned into a garden fronting a large house at the other end of the Caña de L'Obispo. The pair made a halt.

"Let us go on," said Carmen.

"What for?" asked her brother.

"I want to make sure of the house so as to know it again to-morrow morning."

"In that case I can spare you the trouble. The house belongs to Don José Rovero, a rich ship-owner, a widower with one daughter, the Senora Annunziata. I have often heard about her. They call her the Pearl of Havana."

For some instants Carmen stood deep in thought while her brother imperturbably smoked a small cigarette he had just made.

"And you say," asked the girl at last, "that he is immensely rich, this Don José?"

"Well, it would be difficult for him to calculate exactly his riches. He has no end of sugar plantations all over the island, ten ships, each of which is a fortune in itself, and a whole army of slaves."

"And his daughter inherits it all?"

"Caramba, yes, certainly. Did I not tell you that she was his only child? So you see, the man who marries her will make a good thing of it."

"And you call that just?" asked the girl with bitterness. "Can you call it justice, this absurd chance which gives everything to one person and nothing to the other? I too am young and pretty, noble blood flows in my veins, and yet I must sing and dance, and stretch out my hand for miserable alms, while this girl, who is no better than I am, bathes in wealth. She is honored, flattered and loved. It is true that I am admired, it would hardly be otherwise; but this very admiration is offensive, for the first rascal we come across can venture to offer me a handful of gold in return for a kiss. This inequality makes me angry, I protest against it and contend that any means are legitimate for those who are at the bottom of the ladder and wish to rise."

Morales burst out laughing.

"Caramba," he said, "my principles exactly. I believe with you that it is quite allowable for those who wish to be rich, to seek their fortune wherever it is to be found, aye even in their neighbor's pockets."

Carmen made a gesture of disgust.

"Pray don't compare yourself to me," she said, disdainfully.

"Why so, may it please you?"

"I am an ambitious woman and you are, to tell the truth, a thief!"

"I don't care to contradict you, but it is possible that the thief will attain a high position sooner than a merely ambitious woman."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it. In fact,

I think you will end in reaching a high position; for the truth is you are destined for the gal-lows."

"Thank you for the prediction."

"It only remains with you to falsify the prediction, but I am very much afraid you won't do it."

At this moment the clock of the church della Trinidad struck three and was re-echoed by the bells of the neighboring convents.

"Three o'clock already!" exclaimed Morales. "Don't you think it is high time for us to go home?"

"Come along then," returned the girl.

The two retraced their steps, left the city by the Puerta de Tierra and reached a small house, not far from the limits.

It was a miserable building with mud walls, thatched with straw, standing in the middle of an enclosure which had at one time been a garden, but was now overrun with weeds and thick undergrowth.

The brother and sister made their way along a narrow path which led to the door and entered the house. Morales struck a light and lit a candle, which was stuck in the neck of a black bottle.

The interior of the house consisted of two rooms entirely unplanked and uncased. The floor was of beaten earth and overhead unplanked rafters supported a rude, blackened roof. The first room was occupied by Morales, the second by Carmen. In each room was a bed, a small table, and a common straw chair. The first apartment also contained a rusty iron pot hanging over the hearth, and on a shelf three or four plates, a couple of knives, two iron forks and two glasses. In Carmen's room were also an old trunk without a lock, a large stone jug and an earthen bowl. The whole appearance of the place evidenced utter poverty.

Morales, who seemed extremely eager to be left alone, handed a candle to Carmen.

"Good night, Carmen," he said with his peculiar smile, "try to dream that you marry a hidalgo as rich as a king, and that you become a grand lady."

"Thank you, brother," answered Carmen, and do you try to dream that you are not hung and that you become an honest man."

With this retort the girl entered the inner room, closed the door after her, and shot the bolt.

Left alone Morales lit a small dark lantern, divested himself of his rapier and the guitar

which hung on his back, took off his broad brimmed sombrero and untied the black bandage which covered his eye.

As if by a miracle his whole appearance was changed; the silk handkerchief had concealed a bright black eye which, like his twin brother, gave to the man's face a frightful expression of villainy, deceit, and in a word all that is bad. Without the disguise Morales was another man.

Drawing from his pockets the receipts as well as the plunder of the evening, he commenced with a trembling hand to count up the total of his "earnings."

This pleasant task completed he gave vent to an exclamation of joy. The total reached a sum of \$2,500.

"Caramba," he cried, in triumph, "while my sister dreams of a fortune, I possess one!"

Rising from the chair on which he was seated, he raised the straw mattress which did duty as a bed. Underneath was a square stone which appeared to be firmly embedded in the earth. This

stone he raised with the point of his knife, disclosing a hole a foot square and some two feet deep, into which he turned the light of the lantern. The excavation was nearly full of gold and silver pieces symmetrically arranged in piles. To this store Morales, after having deducted a small sum for current expenses, added his newly acquired riches. Then replacing the stone and the bed he extinguished the light and throwing himself on the mattress soon fell into a sweet sleep which very much resembled what poets and novelists are pleased to term "the slumber of innocence."

With the reader's permission we will take the liberty of looking into the dancing girl's room.

We have already said that Carmen was good looking. When she had taken off her veil, thereby disclosing features of the purest type of Greek beauty, the brightest of eyes and hair such as a coiffeur might dream of, she was simply divine.

Standing by the table she was engaged in examining the little wallet which had fallen from the Frenchman's pocket. It was a thin volume bound in red morocco and furnished with three silver clasps. On the cover was emblazoned a coat of arms—on a field gules, a sword argent, beneath a chevallier's helmet and supported by two sirens. After some contemplation of her acquisition she unclasped the fastenings and opened the wallet. It was furnished with two pockets and contained a small note-book. The latter was entirely in blank except the first page, on which was written in a fine delicate hand:

"TANCREDE DE NAJAC,
Toulon, September, 1769.

"So his name is Tancred de Najac," murmured Carmen, "he is a nobleman."

She then proceeded to examine the pockets. In the first was a commission made out in the name of the Chevallier de Najac, as lieutenant of the ship "Thunderer."

"He is an officer," thought the girl. "A lieutenant becomes a captain; in time a captain becomes an admiral; and an admiral has only himself to thank if he does not become a minister."

Then she continued her search. In the second pocket she found three papers, carefully folded, each bearing a name; on one "Diana," on the second "Sylvandire," on the third "Marinetta."

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked herself.



"THE YOUNG GOAT-HERD, ARMED WITH A HEAVY KNOTTED STICK, BOUNDED UPON THE AGGRESSORS."

Unfolding the papers, she found in each a tress of silky hair; that in the pocket inscribed "Diane," was black as a raven's wing; in that marked "Sylvandire," it was a rich nut brown; that in the third was golden.

"He is not exactly constant," said the young girl, "but there are no charms so strong that they cannot be broken."

Lifting her head Carmen caught sight of herself, radiant with beauty, in a small glass which hung against the wall.

"Ah, ha!" she cried, "name, fortune, power, courtiers and flatterers, I will have them all, and before very long."

VII.

TANCRED AND DON JOSE.

When the young Frenchman awoke from the insensible condition in which we left him he found himself in bed in a strange room. At first he remembered nothing of what had passed the previous night. A queer sensation in his head and a slight pain in his left arm attracted his attention, and feeling with his right hand he found that his head was bandaged, and that he had evidently been bled. What was the meaning of it?

By degrees his memory returned, and he was able to recall one by one the events of the past night, the gambling-house, his stroke of fortune, the arrival of the street musicians, the songs and dances of the young girl, the roughness of the man in the red coat, the quarrel and the duel it led to, the flight of the Mexican and finally his own departure homewards. So far he could remember, but here his recollection stopped short. The rest was a blank.

After puzzling over the matter for some time without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, he was compelled to content himself with the supposition that some of the gamblers had attacked him for the sake of his winnings, that he had been stunned, left for dead, and picked up by some charitable passer-by. That he was in good hands was evident.

As he raised himself on his elbow to look around him, the door opened and three persons entered the room.

The first of these was an old gentleman, whose long white hair hung on either side of a face that bore unmistakable traces of care and much anxiety. There was something extremely sad in his countenance, which even its natural kindly expression could not temper. Evidently its owner was weighed down by a dreadful secret.

Another of the new-comers was Pablo, the valet who had found the Frenchman lying stunned in the street; and the last was the best, or rather the least unskilful of the physicians settled in Havana.

Seeing the young man awake and sitting up, the old gentleman addressed him in Spanish.

"It gives me great pleasure, señor, to see that you have recovered from a condition which, I assure you, caused me no little uneasiness."

"Señor," returned Tancred, "how can I ever thank you sufficiently for your kindness in—"

"Chut! you owe me no thanks," returned the other. "Fie, what I have done for you I would do for any man I might find in the sorry plight in which you were found—lying for dead in the middle of the street. But, señor, esteem yourself happy in getting over your accident with no evil effects."

The doctor, who had removed the bandage from the young man's head, here joined in the conversation.

"By to-morrow morning," said he, "our patient will be able to be removed. The contusion on the skull has produced no inflammation, thanks to the refrigerant application. The pulse is calm; there is no feverishness whatever."

"Thanks to my having bled the gentleman in time," joined in Pablo triumphantly.

Neither the host, doctor nor patient could repress a smile at the worthy valet's enthusiasm and his unbounded confidence in his medical skill.

"I beg," said Tancred, "to thank all those who have contributed to my recovery, and to assure them of my sincere and eternal gratitude."

"Once more, señor," replied the host, "let me remind you that you owe us no thanks. We have done our duty, nothing more."

"Do you feel any pain?" asked the doctor.

"Very little."

"And the head, how does it feel?"

"Heavy, that is all. I feel a little stiff, as if I had been on a long and heavy march."

"Ah! that is the natural consequence of the blow you received, reacting on the nervous system. That will go off in a few hours."

"Well, doctor, what are your orders?" asked the venerable host.

"Hm! our patient must be kept quiet, take a little strengthening food every few hours, and a glass of wine at night. That is all that will be necessary. In the morning he may have a couple of glasses of wine."

Having thus pleasantly prescribed the physician withdrew, followed by Pablo. The old gentleman remained by the patient's bed.

"Does it fatigue you to talk?"

"Not the least," returned Tancred. "On the contrary, I am anxious to learn how I come to be indebted for your hospitality."

"Although your accent is perfect, I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that you are no Spaniard," enquired the other.

"You are right, señor. I am a Frenchman, an officer in the navy, attached to the frigate 'Thunderer.' My name is the Chevalier Tancred de Najac."

"A Frenchman!" exclaimed the host, seizing his guest's hand. "Ah! how glad I am to be able to be of use to you, and thus in a measure to repay a portion of a debt of gratitude I owe your countrymen."

"Ah! you have been in France, then, señor?"

"Yes. The man to whom I owe the most here below, a man who has always been more than a brother to me, is a Frenchman. But I see you do not know who I am. My name is José Rovero."

"Don José Rovero! the rich ship-owner!" cried Tancred in amazement. "The millionaire ten times over, whose name is heard in every port in the world."

"As you say, señor; the rich ship-owner, the millionaire ten times over," returned the other, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Well, señor, now that we are known to each other, allow me to ask how I came here."

"It is a very short story. Last night Annunziata—"

"I beg your pardon, señor. Annunziata?"

"That is my daughter's name. Annunziata was returning in her palanquin from a ball, and on reaching the end of the Caia de Paseo the bearers found two bodies lying in the road."

"Two bodies!" murmured Tancred in amazement.

"Yes. Yourself and the body of a tall thin man dressed in a red coat, and holding, I am told, an immense sword."

"Ha! the colonel!"

"You know him then?"

"I met him last night for the first time, and I then learned that he is Don Ramirez Mazatlan, and that he gives himself out to be a colonel in the Mexican army. I can understand that he attacked me from behind with the double object of satisfying a desire for revenge and for plunder. But how came he to be lying beside me?"

"He was dead, señor."

"Dead! How, dead?"

"He had evidently been run through the body."

"How can that be?"

"Do I understand, señor, that it was not you who gave him his *coup de grâce*?"

"Alas, no. As you may have seen, the only weapon I carried was a small dress rapier, which was sheathed at the time I was attacked. I did not even know who my assailant was."

"But who could have taken the pains to punish your would-be assassin, only to abandon you afterwards?"

"Some robber, I suppose. I had a large sum of money upon me and this colonel was aware of it. No doubt he followed me to take his revenge by assassinating me, intending afterwards to rob me. Probably some other ruffian was following him, and when he had accomplished his purpose ruffian number two fell upon him and made off with the gold of which he had robbed me. That is the only explanation of the affair that I can imagine. But let us return to your story, señor."

"What followed can easily be imagined," continued Don José. "At first Annunziata was very much frightened, but finding that you were not dead she had you placed in the litter and brought here. Now you are acquainted with all that I know of the matter."

"And when may I be allowed to express my thanks to my saviour, the señorina Annunziata?"

"As soon as you are strong enough to leave your room."

"This evening then, I trust."

"If not this evening, to-morrow. I must beg you to be careful. Take time to recover perfectly."

"As you wish, Don José, but I assure you I am quite myself again."

"Chevalier," continued Don José after a moment's silence, "you say that you are an officer attached to the 'Thunderer.' She left this port two months ago. Will you permit me to ask how it comes that you are left behind?"

"Certainly, señor. I can easily satisfy you. During our stay here I had a little bout with one of my comrades—one of the dearest fellows on earth, the Viscount Jean de Tremblay—in which I got wounded."

"Wounded once more! Do you pass your time wholly in sword-exercise, chevalier?"

"No. This was a little quarrel we had about some trifle or another—the color of a lock of hair I was wounded, and poor Tremblay was more sore over it than I. However, the long and short of it is that I was hauled up for repairs, and nursed by a merchant here, a man of the name of Sandric—Eloi Sandric."

"You fell into good hands, señor."

"Indeed I did. He and his wife treated me as if I had been their son, and brought me through."

VIII.

THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

Tancred and Don José continued their conversation for some time, and the latter then withdrew to allow his guest to take a much-needed rest.

In the large drawing-room Annunziata was anxiously awaiting the result of her father's visit. As he entered the apartment she flew towards him.

"Well, father, have you seen our patient?"

"Yes, child."

"And how is he?"

"Quite well again. I left him in great hurry to come and thank you. He insists that he owes his life to you, and perhaps he is right."

"Did he tell you his name, father?"

"Yes, he is the Chevalier Tancred de Najac."

"That is a French name, is it not?"

"Yes, and its bearer is a member of a noble French family and a naval officer."

"Then I am twice repayed for what I was able to do for him, for I know you love France, and the French. I love France too, though I have never been there."

"Would you like to visit it, my child?"

"Oh! so much, father. I often dream that we are on the way."

The old man smiled sadly.

"Well, it is likely that your dream will soon be realized."

"Oh!" cried the girl in a burst of childish delight, clapping her tiny hands. "That is good news! How glad I am!"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he watched his daughter, but without noticing them she rattled on.

"When we go, shall we see your good friend—?"

"Philip Le Vaillant, the ship-owner at Havre, yes, child, we shall see him. In all probability we shall partake of his hospitality."

"How glad I shall be to see him, to thank him for his goodness to you. What a pity it is he has no daughter, we would have been such friends."

"He has a son, a young man of twenty-five, named Oliver. He is, I am told, as handsome as his dead mother was pretty, and he inherits all his father's nobleness of character."

"Alas!" thought the old man, "how I have dreamed of these children! Oliver and Annunziata, what a handsome pair they would have made. But now it is not to be thought of." And in his despair Don José buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter, father?" asked the girl in alarm. "Are you unwell?"

"It is nothing, my dear. Merely a slight headache."

"Father, are you deceiving me? What has gone wrong?"

"Nothing, child, nothing is wrong. Why should I deceive you. I have nothing to hide from you. I am in excellent health, and with my child's love all is well."

Annunziata replied with a kiss.

"And now, my child," he continued "I must leave you, I have business to attend to which cannot be postponed."

"Mind you don't fatigue yourself, father."

After affectionately embracing his daughter Don José left the apartment and sought the privacy of his own room. As he closed the door behind him and turned the key in the lock the smiling expression he had assumed to re-assure Annunziata disappeared, giving place to one of intense agony. His face became deadly white, the forehead wrinkled by intense pain, and black circles surrounded his eyes. Convulsively he pressed his two hands to the left side of his breast, as if to repress the pulsations of his heart.

"Oh! my God!" he cried "how I suffer! My God, the tortures you impose upon me are greater than man can bear!"

A frightful spectacle, disfigured beyond recognition, he dragged himself to an arm-chair which stood in the middle of the room in front of a large iron-wood writing-table, and dropped upon the cushions, apparently insensible. Yet the agonized expression still depicted on his face, the trembling of his hands, and the quivering of his eyebrows showed that he had not swooned and that he still felt all the sharpness of the pains which had seized him.

After a few minutes he moved. With a trembling hand he seized a small key that hung by a black ribbon from his neck, and with it opened one of the table drawers. From the bottom of this drawer he took a small phial containing a crimson liquid, and a little golden goblet of about the capacity of a thimble. Filling the goblet from the phial he eagerly swallowed the draught. The effect was miraculous. His nerves relaxed from the rigidity with which they had been seized, his eyelids ceased to quiver, and a faint tinge of color replaced for an instant the corpse-like pallor of his face. The crisis, whatever may have been its cause, was over.

"Once more," he faintly murmured, "I am saved, and God has pity upon me. But it is only a brief respite. Death is not far off, I feel, I see it close at hand. For the last few days it has been drawing nearer and nearer, and now it is ready to seize its prey."

After a moment's silence he continued, half aloud, and in a tone of earnest supplication:

"Oh my God, God all-powerful, thou knowest that I have made the sacrifice of my life without rebelling, if not without repining. Thou knowest that I accept with resignation, though with anguish of soul, the cruel misfortunes which unceasingly pursue me—misfortunes that no one suspects, but which are breaking me down, are killing me. Everything is being taken from me at once, oh my God. You take from me fortune, health, life, and perhaps honor. Refuse me life, if thou wilt, but do not thou refuse me my last, my only prayer. Let me at least live until a reply comes from France telling me that my beloved child has yet a future to look forward to, that she will have home and food in a foreign land—she, oh! my God, who is now so happy and thinks herself to be so rich, but who may find herself, perhaps to-morrow, an orphan and a beggar. This I ask thee, oh God, prostrate before thee. Wilt thou not grant me this, oh, good and merciful God. Wilt thou not grant this much to an unhappy dying father?"

Don José had prostrated himself before a large ivory crucifix which hung on the wall in a frame of crimson velvet and ebony. As he raised his

once his heart and his hands toward the Divine Crucified, big tears rolled down his pale, pinched cheeks. For some time he remained in this humble posture with his eyes fixed on the emaciated figure that hung from the cross. Perhaps he hoped for a miracle, and expected the ivory lips to open and address him.

When he rose again he was calm once more. "Perhaps," he thought, "Philip's answer will arrive to-morrow. If not to-morrow, the day after; and if not then the day after that. At the utmost it must arrive within a month. God will let me live till then, it is so little to ask of Him to whom Eternity belongs."

He again seated himself in his arm-chair, and leaning his elbows on the table hid his face in his hands.

Was he meditating on the splendor of the past and the darkness that overhung the future, this future that was to be so short for him, and so long for his cherished daughter? Tears dropped from his eyes and fell fast between his fingers.

Is there any more afflicting spectacle than the sight of an old man weeping?

IX.

CIUDAD-REAL WINE AND ESTREMADURA HAMS.

We shall have to go very far back to trace the antecedents of Don José Rovero.

Forty years before the events related in the last chapter took place, a French trading vessel, the "Marsouin," from Havre, after having completed her landing, was riding at anchor in the roadstead of Cadiz. The captain, with that patience which should always have been found among the cardinal virtues of the sailor of that time, had for several days been awaiting a favorable breeze. Still it came not, so one morning he ordered a boat to be lowered and manned by five sailors.

On the shore opposite the vessel, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the outskirts of the city, stood a small tavern, the rendezvous of the merry-makers of Cadiz, who were wont to resort thither for the purpose of discussing the classic *olla-podrida*, with the accompaniments of great slices of Estremadura ham and wine of Ciudad-Real—a liquor with the color of ink and almost the consistency of molasses, and possessing withal a charmingly penetrating odor borrowed from the goat-skins in which it was customarily stored.

It had so chanced that the captain of the "Marsouin" one day dined at this famous resort and had been greatly taken by both ham and wine. The tender recollection of these delicacies had served to pass many a weary hour as he paced his deck in fruitless waiting for the wind, and on the morning in question he had made up his mind, as the substance is better than the shadow, and as the former was within his reach, that it would be a good thing to do if he were to send for a couple of hams and a skin or two of wine. Hence the expedition which had just put off from the vessel, with instructions to bring back four hams and six skins.

After an hour's rowing the men reached the shore, and after beaching the boat, which they confided to the care of the youngest of their number, four of them made their way to the posada, which stood some ten minutes' walk from the shore.

Some thirty or forty paces from the boat, squatting in the shade of a bush, nominally engaged in keeping a flock of goats which roamed at will around, but really absorbed in the pages of a tattered book that lay before him, sat a young man of eighteen or nineteen. Although he was clad in the most miserable rags, there was something noble in his appearance which would have attracted attention anywhere. The expression of his countenance was remarkably intelligent for one in his humble situation.

Left alone, the young sailor drew a book from his pocket, and throwing himself on the sand, also commenced to read.

From time to time the two students glanced at each other, evidently struck by the similarity of their tastes.

At the end of half an hour the four sailors returned, bringing the hams and wine-skins, which they deposited in the bottom of the boat. Then, as the weather was warm, and they were tired with rowing, they agreed to return to the posada with the intention of attacking a succulent *olla-podrida* and a few horns of wine.

"We'll bring you your share," they cried to their young comrade as they moved off.

"It don't matter," he replied; "I am neither hungry nor thirsty." And so he returned to his reading.

Hardly had the four sailors entered the tavern when three ill-looking fellows came out and began to sneak towards the boat, now and then casting a glance behind them to make sure that they were not followed. The young sailor, seeing the three men approaching him in a manner that looked, to say the least, suspicious, rose, replaced his book in his pocket, and seated himself on the bow of the boat. The men still came on, talking excitedly in an under-tone. They were now near enough for the young man to distinguish their evil countenances. When they came to within five or six paces of him he

"Halt there," he cried; "what do you want?"

The men stopped and held a brief whispered consultation.

"Look you," said one in barely intelligible French, "we want the wine and the hams that are in the boat there, and what's more we are going to have them. There are three of us and you're alone. So get out of the way and there'll be no fuss."

The young sailor was unarmed, so snatching up one of the oars he brandished it above his head, and hurled back defiance—

"Get out of this, you scoundrels!"

Then with all the force of his lungs he shouted:

"Help! comrades of the 'Marsouin'! Help!"

As he shouted the three robbers threw themselves upon him. Two of them snatched the oar from him and broke it, and the third, throwing himself upon his stomach, crept towards him, seized him by the leg and threw him down.

Though the man's knee was on his breast and a big Catalan knife was brandished over his head, he never ceased shouting:

"Help, comrades!"

The Spaniard replied with a derisive laugh. Unless some unseen aid intervened it was all over with the sailor.

Hardly had this unequal struggle commenced when the young goat-herd, armed with a heavy knotted stick, bounded upon the aggressors with all the suppleness and ferocity of a tiger. Down came his club with a tremendous crash upon the head of the man with the knife, who rolled senseless on the sand. Then with a wide sweep of his improvised weapon he kept at bay the other two. In the meantime the young sailor's comrades, attracted by his shouts, and taking in the situation at a glance, rushed to his aid. The two remaining robbers had not counted upon this accession to the force of the enemy, and immediately took to their heels, making for the posada in a curve so as to avoid the sailors.

On the steps of the tavern lounged a number of desperadoes, men of the same class as the robbers, to whom these last related in a few words what had occurred, pointing out the body of their comrade lying on the sand, and then the whole tribe of them, knife in hand, rushed in the direction of the boat, yelling at the top of their voices:

"Down with the Frenchmen! Death to the Frenchmen!"

(To be continued.)

WEeping.

One little wave

Wept to the willow—

Dreamed of her grave,

Though 'twas in May:

Life is what death is,

Love is what breath is—

Boonless my pillow

Bends to the bay.

Cygnets and troutlet,

Love me and leave me—

Inlet and outlet,

Blossom and bole:

Joyless and throeless,

Sinless and soulless,

How many I weave me

Songs for a soul?!

Swifter, O Swimmer!

Strike from her clinging!

Day groweth dimmer—

Ply heart, and swim,

Clutch reeds and clamber—

Down to the amber,

Down with her singing,

Beareth she Him!

A SOLDIER OF WATERLOO.

He first saw the light—relates the Hamilton (Canada) *Spectator*—in one of the suburbs of Falmouth, England, on an April morning in the year 1794. His father was a soldier before him, and died in the service of the Second Royal Veteran Battalion at Plymouth Citadel. In this battalion the son enlisted as bugle boy at the age of ten years (two years before the act was passed relating to the enlistment of boys and their pay). His two brothers spent their lives also as soldiers and died in the service, one in the East Indies and the other in the West Indies. In September, 1866, he volunteered into the Fifty-second Light Infantry, then lying in harbor at Plymouth Sound, ready to start for the Island of Sicily. The voyage to this beautiful island commenced his life abroad. He remembers distinctly the occurrences while here—how they ate olive oil as we Canadians do butter; how they were required vigilantly to watch the French on the Italian mainland across the Channel; how they slept in old rickety huts into which the lizards and reptiles had as free access as the men; how they were so tormented by them that they named an ugly maiden who came frequently into their camp "The Green Lizard," as an epithet of their aversion to both; and finally how, when they quitted the Sicilian Isle, he nearly killed himself by falling upon an iron bar in getting on board the transport at a moment when she lurched. Leaving Sicily they sailed for the Spanish Peninsula, entering through Portugal. Sailing up the River Tagus, they landed at the City of Santarem. On their en-

trance they found it a large, spacious, neat, and prosperous city, finely situated and magnificent in its appearance; but when they returned, after their arduous campaign, they entered—not the place that they had left, but a wrecked, ruined, and deserted city, populated only with prowling cats, and, in a corner of the town, a few of the sick who had been left to their fate at the hospital. The ghastly faces of these, as they glared half-starved from the windows, made the place seem more forsaken than if left to utter silence and desertion. One time on their return march to Talavera he came across a pool of water in a wild-looking place, and being thirsty, filled his canteen. A moment after this he caught sight of a dead and bloated horse lying in the middle of the pool, air eaten with maggots—a spectacle which moved him to empty his canteen without a taste. A comrade who had filled his canteen from the same place wisely said he would "keep his until he got some that was better." They marched on through a hot, dry country, and became so famished that he at last implored his companion for a drink of the water, which he believes, saved his life on that day. At Talavera they stopped fifteen days, almost starving the whole time, as the French had taken their rations at Toledo. Returning from there they made a stand at Busaco, where Wellington defeated the enemy. Sir John Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton) commanded the Fifty-second here. On one occasion a man in the regiment was examining a musket to ascertain if it was loaded. The men were standing around in large groups, and while the muzzle of the musket was pointed towards a spot where about a hundred men stood, it discharged accidentally and the bullet passed through the whole group without touching a solitary man. Strangely enough however, a wounded Portuguese soldier standing some distance on the other side of them, received the deadly ball in the very centre of his heart; the life-blood spouted in a perfect stream, and the poor fellow dropped dead in a moment. At another time, when two skirmishing parties of the French and English met, all the buglers of the British advance were killed, and a call came for another. The subject of this sketch was then but a lad, and held still the post of bugle boy. Hearing the call he volunteered at once to go. Both parties were behind stone walls—which then composed the fences altogether in that part of the Peninsula—but the French were upon a hill which overlooked the space of ground between the first and second bodies of the British, so that any one approaching to the advance could be plainly seen and picked off. With youthful rashness he rushed forward under the cheers of the men, but exposed to the fire of the whole line of skirmishers. As he dodged from side to side, in order to prevent them taking steady aim at him, the bullets whizzed and whirled about him as thick as hailstones. He could see the grass ripped up by them; feel the dust thrown up in his face by them; hear them touch his coat and buzz in his bushy hair. Over a hundred yards of exposed ground he ran in this way, till he arrived in safety behind the wall where the advanced skirmishers were. Cheers greeted him on his arrival, and he was quite the hero of the day. George Napier, an officer whom he describes as brave to a fault in the thickest charges, was captain of his company then—he was the father of Lord Napier, so well known in Canada. While in the Peninsula, besides a hundred skirmishes in which five hundred to a thousand men would be engaged, he was in these following battles so well remembered in historic annals: Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes D'onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Niville, Nive, Ortez and Toulouse. For these engagements he received a silver medal with twelve clasps naming the actions. He was, of course, with the Fifty-second when they made their celebrated forced march—the longest and quickest on record—to Talavera. On the return from the Peninsula he was taken with the terrible ship fever, and while so many died, he himself stood its ravages and speedily recovered. Once home, the Fifty-second remained in peace until an order came in 1815 to proceed to America to assist the Canadians in their brave struggle against the Americans. Just as they were leaving harbor at Cork, a frigate hailed them with orders to turn to Ostend in Flanders, whither they proceeded. They soon found themselves a part of the army of Waterloo, in which they fought—history knows with what bravery and determination. He remembers that the first gun was fired at ten minutes to nine on the 18th. He received a fine silver medal for Waterloo, in addition to the one obtained in the Spanish Peninsula. He got his discharge, at his own request, on the 9th of September, 1830, at Halifax. During his service of twenty-four years he was a drummer, a bugler, a member, and subsequently sergeant of the regimental band, as well as serving in the ranks as a private, and then as a corporal. He came to Canada, and when the rebellion of 1837 broke out again shouldered arms as a sergeant in the Provincial Battalion at Toronto. Upon that body being disbanded, he came to Niagara and taught band music, and at length took up his abode in Hamilton, where he has continued to enjoy his regular army pension till the present time. But the most singular thing of his adventurous life is that he has passed through all his sufferings and all his varieties in war-life without receiving a single wound in fight.

SPICED FRUITS.—For all kinds of fruit use 4 pounds sugar to 6 pounds fruit, 1 quart vinegar and spice.

LATE HOME TO DINNER.

It is a dreadful thing to come home late for dinner—such a dreadful thing that the man who commits this terrible crime is made to suffer for it miserably.

A newly-married man is often in ignorance upon this subject. He foolishly supposes that, if important business detain him, or if he meet a friend whom he has not seen for years, or if the cab break down or the 'bus is slow, and he arrives home late, the greater part of the loss is his, and he ought to be sympathized with.

A good mother-in-law will soon undeceive him upon this point, even if his wife be disposed to be patient.

There is nothing which annoys a woman so much as to have her dinner spoiled by delay. The cook gets cross and worries the mistress; the mistress loses her temper and scolds her husband. So the whole house is upset.

I am not a man; but I try to enter into men's feelings upon this subject, not daring to ask them what they really think for fear lest I should seem to encourage them in their wickedness.

Perhaps they believe that dinner at a certain hour is not the most important thing in the world.

When they are not married, the men dine at all sorts of hours. Sometimes they wait to finish their business; sometimes to enjoy themselves better; sometimes they dine early to please a friend; sometimes they dine late for the same reason. This variety may not be very healthy; but they seem to thrive upon it and find it pleasant.

Perhaps, when they are being scolded for being late, they reflect that, after all, they and not the wives are the greatest sufferers.

"Here am I," a man might say, "who have been working hard all day, and have not had anything to eat since breakfast, contented to postpone my dinner for the sake of a little extra business, while you, who have had a good luncheon and a fair chance to empty the pantry, lose your temper because you have been kept waiting half an hour."

That would be a true manly argument; and, of course, you know how any right-minded woman would resent it.

Another man might say, philosophically, that there was not a little vanity in the fuss which women make about the dinner—that a desire to show what a good dinner she could serve up was the real reason of the wife's anxiety. But this philosopher would have to be reminded that, after all, this desire to give him the best of everything was only another proof of his wife's affection.

To which, being a philosopher, he might coolly reply that he would rather have that affection displayed in some other form.

Being a privileged person, and often invited out to dinner, I have frequently been a witness to the domestic disputes about dinner, and at first they annoyed, but now they amuse me.

When I hear the wife scolding and the husband weakly defending himself, I close my eyes and see a pretty picture.

It is a picture of the same husband and wife before they were married. His arm is around her waist; her head reclines gracefully upon his manly bosom.

"My love, my own," he says, "how I long for the time to come when you shall be all mine! I will try so hard to make you happy."

"O, dearest," she replies, "I am sure to be happy if I am only with you. I long to be with you to help and comfort you."

"When you come," he goes on, "life will be like a bright and happy dream."

"But will you never get tired of me, never regret having taken me all to yourself?"

"Never, dearest! We shall never, never quarrel about anything. Why should we? All I want is to make you happy?"

And then an explosion—which may be a kiss or a champagne cork—breaks up this pretty picture, and I open my eyes and ears, and there is the same couple hard at it, shovel and tongs, all about a miserable dinner.

But perhaps they never think now of the picture which I saw, or perhaps, when those past sweet nothings were said, neither of them had ever heard of that awful crime—being late home to dinner.

A NEW BEVERAGE.

The Portland (Oregon) *Bulletin* relates the following amusing incident: A triplet of Nimrods, residing in this city, concluded to try their skill at some grouse-shooting last Saturday; so, arming themselves cap-a-pie, with pouches, belts, game-bags, guns, and dogs, they started in the direction of Milwaukie, but they did not kill anything up to the moment of reaching the town named. This misfortune preyed heavily on their minds; so they determined to kill something, even if no greater than a squirrel. With this determination in their breasts, they concluded to get rid of their lunch, and place it in a position of safety. The first locality that offered itself was a well, and in the crevice of that was placed the brandy, sardines, whiskey, oysters, some more whiskey, and crackers, the hunters feeling sure that such a place was free from intrusion. They then started for the woods, but their success was limited, being confined to a blue-jay and a striped squirrel; but, though they had been unsuccessful in procuring game, they secured a fine appetite, and to allay the ventral pangs, they returned to the well. When they arrived there they saw something immersed in

the water that made their hearts feel glad. It was what they believed to be cream, placed there to cool. Their mouths began to water, as visions of the tawny fluid passed before them. Each secured his cup; one took up a pan, opened it, and then poured the fluid into the cups until they were full to the brim. A peculiar odor seemed to issue from the can, but they could not tell what it was. One argued that the can did not contain milk; another argued that it did, for he had drunk milk when a baby, and he ought to know what milk was. The third coincided with the latter; so the first had to submit. Being thirsty, all poured the contents of the cups down their throats at once, and when finished, they looked at each other in astonishment. One said that the fluid was "ropy" milk; another thought it was currant wine, a third insisted it was curds. The matter gave them no more trouble, however, so they commenced eating lunch. When done, they made all haste possible into town, as they felt that something was going to occur to them.

Just as they reached the suburbs of the city, they began to enlarge suddenly—so they ran for a physician's establishment as rapidly as their legs would take them. Terror was marked on each face—terror, too, of the worst form, for it was produced by a feeling that something unusual was about to befall them, and perhaps prove fatal. Just as they reached the corner of First and Washington streets, the head of one shot up six inches in the air, attenuating the neck and chest thereby to a mere shadow.

The diaphragm of another commenced protruding very rapidly, and in a few moments the ventral region had assumed a convex form. "What is the matter with you?" said the elongated man, "I'm going up by spontaneous combustion, and soon will be higher than you," said the other. The third began to project his spinal column, and he too was soon curved into a crescent form. All three reached the office of a physician together, and the man of pills saw what was the matter with them, and gave his orders promptly. The elongated individual was sent to the Wilamette Iron Works, and the large hammer being dropped on his head a couple of times, he was made all right again. The other two were placed in Harrington's cider-press, and kept there three days; and this, combined with a couple of holes bored in them with an auger, reduced them to their natural condition. The three are now around, rather the worse for their ordeal, but they are nevertheless in good spirits. They could not tell what was the cause of the sudden metamorphosis, and they would probably remain ignorant of it forever if one of the employees of the Oregon and California Railroad was not told by an old lady that somebody had drank up all her yeast, and she thought it was Portland folks did it, for no one near her house would steal yeast.

If this tale is told in the house opposite the railroad office, the party telling it must be prepared for a carving-knife; and as it gleams near him, then is his time to run.

MAIDS AND MISTRESSES.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and unkind words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast-table with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with the maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

A BOSS NUGGET.—Mr. J. Brown, formerly of Macclesfield, is the fortunate possessor of a pure cake of gold weighing 498 ounces, the product of 600 tons, and the result of six weeks' work at the Gabriel Gully quartz reef at Otago, New Zealand. This is stated to be the largest cake of gold yet reported. It leaves, after paying all expenses, a clear profit of £1,000. It has been publicly exhibited by Mr. Brown at Dunedin, at the request of a number of the residents.

MIDWINTER.

BY NATHAN D. URNA.

Rubbing her eyes with dimpled fist,
The shivering morning hides
For a yawning space in her curtains of mist,
And then to the dim earth glides.
Her rosy feet on the cold hills gleam,
Then down in this valley deep,
Where the woods are hushed their winter
dream,
And the small brook talks in his sleep.

The hawthorn hedges are almost hid,
And the sloping lawn below
Is folded away, as beneath a lid,
By the crust of pure-white snow.
The farmhouse old seems trebly old,
It has grown so white and weird;
The gateposts are Druids, in samite stoled,
With white and wandering beard.

Thronging up to the feeding-trough,
In the barnyard, preest the kine,
And the rough-skinned steeds, with snort and
cough,
In ragged, impatient line.
The farm-boy's knuckles are at his lips
As he answers the farmer's hail;
The milkmaid in from the dairy trips
With frothy and steaming pail.

But up from the chimney the smoke-rings go,
As the new morn kisses the earth,
And the frosted panes of the kitchen glow
With the cheery blaze of the hearth.
Knee-deep on the level, breast-high in the drift,
The snow-king may flurry his storm:
But honest labor and wholesome thrift
Can keep the homestead warm.

THE CHILD-STEALER.

I.

In 1815, there was daily to be seen, wandering in the Hesse-Darmstadt quarter of Mayence, a tall emaciated woman, with hollow cheeks and haggard eyes; a frightful picture of madness. This unfortunate woman, named Christine Evig, a mattress-maker, living in the narrow street called Petit Volet, at the back of the cathedral, had lost her reason through the occurrence of a terrible event.

Passing one evening along the winding street of the Trois Bateaux, leading her little daughter by the hand, and suddenly observing that she had for a moment let go of the child, and no longer heard the sound of its steps, the poor woman turned and called—

"Deubche! Deubche! where are you?"
Nobody answered, and the street, as far as she could see, was deserted.

Then running, crying, calling, she returned to the port, and peered into the dark water lying beneath the vessels.

Her cries and moans drew the neighbors about her; the poor mother explained to them her agonies. They joined her in making fresh search, but nothing, not a trace, not an indication, was discovered to throw light on this frightful mystery.

From that time Christine Evig had never again set foot in her home; night and day she wandered through the town, crying in a voice growing feeble and more plaintive—

"Deubche! Deubche!"
She was pitied. Sometimes one, sometimes another kind person gave her food and cast-off clothes. And the police, in presence of sympathy so general, did not think it their duty to interfere and shut Christine up in a madhouse, as was usual at that period.

She was left therefore to go about as she liked, without any one troubling himself concerning her ways.

But what gave to the misfortune of Christine a truly sinister character was that the disappearance of her little daughter had been, as it were, the signal for several events of the same kind; a dozen children disappeared in an astonishing and inexplicable manner, several of them belonging to the upper rank of townspeople.

These events usually occurred at nightfall, when the street-passengers were few, and every one of them was hastening home from business. A wilful child went out to the doorstep of its parent's house, its mother calling after it, "Kari!" "Ludwig!" "Lotele!"—absolutely like poor Christine. No answer! They rushed in every direction; the whole neighborhood was ransacked; all was over!

To describe to you the inquiries of the police, the arrests that were made, the perquisitions, the terror of families, would be a thing impossible.

To see one's child die is, doubtless, frightful; but to lose it without knowing what has become of it, to think that we shall never look upon it again, that the poor little being, so feeble and tender, which we have pressed to our heart with so much love, is ill perhaps—it may be calling for us, and we unable to help it—this passes all imagination—exceeds the power of human expression to convey.

Now one evening in the October of that year, 1817, Christine Evig, after having strayed about the streets, had seated herself on the trough of the Bishop's Fountain, her long grey hair hang-

ing about her face, and her eyes wandering dreamily into vacancy.

The servant-girls of the neighborhood, instead of stopping to chat as usual at the fountain, made haste to fill their pitchers and regain their masters' houses. The poor mad woman stayed there alone, motionless, under the icy shower in which the Rhine mist was falling. The high houses around, with their sharp gables, their innumerable dormer-lights, were slowly becoming enveloped in darkness.

The Bishop's Chapel clock struck seven, still Christine did not move, but sat shivering and murmuring—

"Deubche! Deubche!"
At that moment, while the pale hue of twilight yet lingered on the points of the roofs before finally disappearing, she suddenly shuddered from head to foot, stretched forward her neck, and her face, impassible for nearly two years, was lit with such an expression of intelligence, that Counsellor Trumf's servant, who was at the moment holding her pitcher to the spout, turned in astonishment at seeing this gesture of the mad woman's.

At the same moment, a woman, with head bent down, passed along the pavement at the other side of the square, holding in her arms something that was struggling with her, enveloped in a piece of linen cloth.

Seen through the rain this woman was of striking aspect; she was hurrying away like a thief who has succeeded in effecting a robbery, slinking along in the shadow, her rags dragging behind her.

Christine Evig had extended her shrunken left hand, and a few inarticulate words fell from her lips, but suddenly a piercing cry escaped from her bosom—

"It is she!"
And bounding across the square, in less than a minute she reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Ferralles, where the woman had passed out of her sight.

But there Christine stopped, breathless; the stranger was lost in the darkness of that filthy place, and nothing was to be heard but the monotonous sound of the water falling from the house-gutters.

What had passed through the mad woman's mind? What had she remembered? Had she had some vision—one of those insights of the soul that for a moment unshroud to us the dark depths of the past? I do not know.

By whatever means, she had recovered her reason.

Without losing a moment in pursuing the vanished apparition, the unfortunate woman hurried up the Rue des Trois Bateaux as if carried along by vertigo, and turning at the corner of the Place Gutenberg, rushed into the hall of the provost, Kasper Schwartz, crying in a hoarse voice—

"Monsieur le Provost, the child-stealers are discovered! Quick! listen! listen!"

The provost was just finishing his evening meal. He was a grave, methodical man, liking to take his ease after supper. Thus the sight of this phantom greatly disturbed him, and setting down the cup of tea he was in the act of raising to his lips, he cried—

"Good God! am I not to have a single moment's quiet during the day? Can there possibly be a more unfortunate man than I am? What does this mad woman want with me now? Why was she allowed to come in?"

Recovering her calmness at these words, Christine replied in a suppliant manner—

"Ah, monsieur! you ask if there is a being more unfortunate than yourself; look at me—look at me!"

Her voice was broken with tears; her clenched hands put aside the long grey hair from her pale face. She was terrible to see.

"Mad! yes, my God! I have been mad; the Lord, in His mercy, hid from me my misfortune; but I am mad no longer. Oh, what I have seen! That woman was carrying off a child—for it was a child; I am sure of it."

"Go to the devil, with your woman and child!—go to the devil!" cried the provost. Seeing the unfortunate woman throw herself upon her knees, "Hans! Hans!" he cried, "will you come and turn this woman out of doors? To the devil with the office of provost! It brings me nothing but annoyance."

The servant appeared, and Monsieur Kasper Schwartz pointed to Christine—

"Show her out," he said. "To-morrow I shall certainly draw out a warrant in due form, to rid the town of this unfortunate creature. Thank Heaven we are not without madhouses!"

The mad woman laughed dreamily, while the servant, full of pity for her, took her by the arm, and said gently to her—

"Come, Christine—come."

She had relapsed into madness, and murmured—

"Deubche!—Deubche!"

II.

While these things were passing in the house of the provost, Kasper Schwartz, a carriage came down the Rue de l'Arsenal; the sentry on guard before the shot-park, recognising the equipage as that of Count Diderich, colonel of the Imperial regiment of Hilbourghausen, carried arms; a salute answered him from the interior of the vehicle.

The carriage, drawn at full speed, seemed as if going towards the Porte d'Allemagne, but it took the Rue de l'Homme de Fer, and stopped before the door of the provost's house.

As the colonel, in full uniform, got out, he raised his eyes, and appeared stupefied, for the

shocking laughter of the mad woman made itself heard outside the house.

Count Diderich was a man about five-and-thirty or forty years of age, tall, with brown beard and hair, and a severe and energetic physiognomy.

He entered the provost's hall abruptly, saw Hans leading Christine, and, without waiting to have himself announced, walked into Monsieur Schwartz's dining-room, exclaiming—

"Monsieur, the police of your district is intolerable! Twenty minutes ago I stopped in front of the cathedral, at the moment of the Angelus. As I got out of my carriage, seeing the Countess Hilbourghausen coming down the steps of the cathedral, I moved on one side to allow her to pass, and I then found that my son—a child of three years old, who had been seated by my side—had disappeared. The carriage door on the side towards the bishop's house was open: advantage had been taken of the moment when I was letting down the carriage steps to carry off the child! All the search and inquiries of my people have been fruitless. I am in despair, monsieur!—in despair!"

The colonel's agitation was extreme; his dark eyes flashed like lightning through the tears he tried to repress; his hand clasped the hilt of his sword.

The provost appeared dumbfounded; his apathetic nature was distressed at the idea of having to exert himself and pass the night in giving orders, and going about from place to place—in short, to recommence, for the hundredth time, the hitherto fruitless search.

He would rather have put off the business till the next day.

"Monsieur," replied the colonel, "understand that I will not be trifled with. You shall answer for my son with your head. It is your place to watch over the public security—you fall in your duty—it is scandalous! Oh that I at least knew who has struck the blow!"

While pronouncing these incoherent words, he paced up and down the room, with clenched teeth and sombre looks.

Perspiration stood on the purple brow of Master Schwartz, who murmured, as he looked at the plate before him—

"I'm very sorry, monsieur—very sorry; but this is the tenth!—the thieves are much more clever than my detectives. What would you have me do?"

At this imprudent response the colonel bounded with rage, and seizing the fat provost by the shoulders, dragged him out of his arm-chair.

"What would I have you do?—Is that the answer you give to a father who comes to demand of you his child?"

"Let me go, monsieur!—let me go!" roared the provost, choking with alarm. "In Heaven's name calm yourself! A woman—a mad woman—Christine Evig, has just been here—she told me—yes, I remember—Hans! Hans!"

The servant, who had overheard all at the keyhole, entered the room instantly.

"Monsieur?"

"Fetch back the mad woman."

"She's still outside, monsieur."

"Well, bring her in. Pray sit down, colonel."

Count Diderich remained standing in the middle of the room, and a moment afterwards Christine Evig returned, haggard, and laughing insanely, as she had gone out.

Hans and a servant-girl, curious as to what was passing, stood in the open doorway open-mouthed. The colonel, with an imperious gesture, made a sign to them to go away, then, crossing his arms and confronting Master Schwartz, he cried—

"Well, monsieur, what kind of intelligence do you expect to obtain from this unfortunate creature?"

The provost moved, as if he were going to speak; his fat cheeks shook.

The mad woman uttered a sort of sobbing laughter.

"Monsieur," said the provost, at length, "this woman's case is the same as your own; two years ago she lost a child, and that drove her mad."

The colonel's eyes overflowed with tears.

"Go on," he said.

"When she came here a little while ago she appeared to have recovered a spark of reason, and told me—"

Master Schwartz paused.

"What did she tell you, monsieur?"

"That she had seen a woman carrying a child."

"Ah!"

"Thinking that she was only raving, I sent her away."

The colonel smiled bitterly.

"You sent her away?" he cried.

"Yes; she seemed to me to have relapsed into her state of madness."

"Parbleu!" cried the count, in a tone of thunder, "you refuse assistance to this unfortunate woman? You drive away from her her last gleam of hope, instead of sustaining and defending her, as it is your duty to do? And you dare to retain your office!—you dare to receive its emoluments!"

He walked up close to the provost, whose wig trembled, and added, in a low, concentrated tone—

"You are a scoundrel! If I do not recover my child, I'll kill you like a dog."

Master Schwartz, his staring eyes nearly starting from his head, his hands helplessly open, his mouth clammy, said not a word; terror held him by the throat; and besides, he knew not what to answer.

Suddenly the colonel turned his back on him, and going to Christine, looked at her for a few seconds, then, raising his voice—

"My good woman," he said, "try and answer me. In the name of God—in the name of your child—where did you see that woman?"

He paused, and the poor woman murmured in a plaintive voice—

"Deubche!—Deubche!—they have killed her!"

The count turned pale, and, carried away by terror, seized the mad woman's hand.

"Answer me, unfortunate creature!—answer me!" he cried.

He shook her; Christine's head fell back; she uttered a peal of frightful laughter, and said—

"Yes—yes—it is done!—the wicked woman has killed it!"

The count felt his knees giving way, and sank rather than sat down upon a chair, his elbows upon the table, his pale face between his hands, his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some fearful scene.

The minutes passed slowly in silence.

The clock struck ten; the sound made the colonel start. He rose, opened the door, and Christine went out.

"Monsieur," said Master Schwartz.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the colonel, with a withering look.

And he followed the mad woman down the dark street.

A singular idea had come into his mind.

"All is lost," he said to himself; "this unhappy woman cannot reason, cannot comprehend questions put to her; but she has seen something—her instinct may lead her."

It is almost needless to add that the provost was amazed. The worthy magistrate lost not a moment in double-locking his door; that done, he was carried away by a noble indignation.

"A man like me threatened!—seized by the collar! Ah, colonel! we'll see whether there are any laws in this country! To-morrow morning I shall address a complaint to the Grand Duke, and expose to him the conduct of his officers," &c.

III.

Meanwhile the colonel followed the mad woman, and by a strange effect of the superexcitation of his senses, saw her in the darkness, through the mist, as plainly as in broad daylight; he heard her sighs, her confused words, in spite of the continual moan of the autumn winds rushing through the deserted streets.

A few late townspeople, the collars of their coats raised to the level of their ears, their hands in their pockets, and their hats pressed down over their eyes, passed, at infrequent intervals, along the pavements; doors were heard to shut with a crash, an ill-fastened shutter banged against a wall, a tile torn from a house-top by the wind fell into the street; then, again, the immense torrent of air whirled on its course, drowning with its lugubrious voice all other sounds of the night.

It was one of those cold nights at the end of October, when the weathercocks, shaken by the north wind, turn giddily on the high roofs, and cry with shrilly voices, "Winter!—Winter!—Winter is come!"

On reaching the wooden bridge Christine leaned over the pier and looked down into the dark muddy water that dragged itself along in the canal; then, rising with an uncertain air, she went on her way, shivering and murmuring—

"Oh! oh!—it is cold!"

The colonel, clutching the folds of his cloak with one hand, pressed the other against his heart, which felt almost ready to burst.

Eleven o'clock was struck by the church of St. Ignatius, then midnight.

Christine Evig still went on; she had passed through the narrow streets of l'Imprimerie, of the Maillet, of the Halle aux Vins, of the Vieilles Boucheries, and of the Fosses de l'Evêché.

A hundred times, in despair, the count had said to himself that this nocturnal pursuit would lead to nothing; but, remembering that it was his last resource, he followed her as she went from place to place, stopping, now by a corner-stone, now in the recess of a wall, then continuing her uncertain course—absolutely like a homeless brute wandering at hazard in the darkness.

At length, towards one o'clock in the morning, Christine came once more into the Place de l'Evêché. The weather appeared to have somewhat cleared up; the rain no longer fell, a fresh wind swept the streets, and the moon, now and then surrounded by dark clouds, now and then shining in full brilliancy, shed its rays, smooth and cold as blades of steel, upon the thousand pools of water lying in the hollows of the paving-stones.

The mad woman tranquilly seated herself on the edge of the fountain, in the place she had occupied some hours before. For a long time she remained in the same attitude, with dull eyes, and her rags clinging to her withered form.

All the count's hopes had vanished.

But, at one of those moments when the moon, breaking through the clouds, threw its pale light upon the silent edifices, she rose suddenly, stretched forward her neck, and the colonel, following the direction of her gaze, observed that it was fixed on the narrow lane of the Vieilles Ferralles, about two hundred paces distant from the fountain.

At the same moment she darted forward like an arrow.

The count followed instantly upon her steps, plunging into the block of tall old buildings that overlook the church of St. Ignatius.

The mad woman seemed to have wings; ten times he was on the point of losing her, so rapid was her pace through these winding lanes, encumbered with carts, dung-heaps, and faggots piled before the doors on the approach of winter.

Suddenly she disappeared into a sort of blind alley, pitch dark, and the colonel was obliged to stop, not knowing how to proceed further.

Fortunately, after a few seconds, the sickly yellow rays of a lamp pierced the darkness of the depths of this filthy hole, through a small cracked window-pane; this light was stationary, but now and then it was momentarily obscured by some intervening figure.

Some one was evidently awake in that foul den.

What was being done?

Without hesitation the colonel went straight towards the light.

In the midst of the obstructions he found the mad woman, standing in the mire, her eyes staring, her mouth open, looking at the solitary glimmer.

The appearance of the count did not seem at all to surprise her; only, pointing to the window on the first floor in which the light was seen, she said, "It's there!" in an accent so impressive that the count started.

Under the influence of this impulse he sprang towards the door of the house, and with one pressure of his shoulder burst it open. Impenetrable darkness filled the place.

The mad woman was close behind him.

"Hush!" she cried.

And, once more giving way to the unfortunate woman's instinct, the count remained motionless and listened.

The profoundest silence reigned in the house; it might have been supposed that everybody in it was either sleeping or dead.

The clock of St. Ignatius struck two.

A faint whispering was then heard on the first floor, then a vague light appeared on a crumbling wall at the back; boards creaked above the colonel, and the light came nearer and nearer, falling first upon a ladder-staircase, a heap of old iron in a corner, a pile of wood; further on, upon a sash-window looking out into a yard, bottles right and left, a basket of rags—a dark, ruinous, and hideous interior.

At last a tin lamp with a smoky wick, held by a small hand, as dry and sinewy as the claw of a bird of prey, was slowly projected over the stair-rail, and above the light appeared the head of an anxious-looking woman, with hair the color of tow, bony cheeks, tall ears standing almost straight out from the head, light grey eyes glittering under deep brows—in short, a sinister being, dressed in a filthy petticoat, her feet in old shoes, her fleshless arms bare to the elbows, holding a lamp in one hand and in the other a sharp slater's hatchet.

Scarcely had this abominable being glared in the darkness than she rushed back up the stairs with astonishing agility.

But it was too late: the colonel had bounded after her, sword in hand, and seized the old witch by the petticoat.

"My child, wretch!" he cried; "my child!"

At this roar of the lion the hyena turned and struck at random with her hatchet.

A frightful struggle ensued; the woman, thrown down upon the stairs, tried to bite; the lamp, which had fallen on the ground, burned there, its wick sputtering in the damp and throwing changing shadows on the dusky wall.

"My child!" repeated the colonel; "my child, or I'll kill you!"

"You—yes, you shall have your child," replied the breathless woman in an ironical tone. "Oh! it's not finished—not—I've good teeth—the coward, to—to strangle me! Ho!—above, there!—are you deaf?—let me go—I'll—I'll tell you all."

She was nearly exhausted, when another witch, older and more haggard, tottered down the stairs, crying—

"I'm here!"

The wretch was armed with a large butcher's knife, and the count, looking up, saw that she was selecting a place in which to strike him between the shoulders.

He felt himself lost; a providential accident alone could save him.

The mad woman, until then a motionless spectator, sprang upon the old woman, crying— "It is she!—there she is! Oh, I know her!—she shall not escape me!"

The only answer was a gush of blood, which inundated the landing-place; the old woman had cut the unfortunate Christine's throat.

It was the work of a second.

The colonel had time to spring to his feet and put himself on his guard; seeing which the two frightful old women fled rapidly up the stairs and disappeared in the darkness.

The flame of the smoky lamp flickered in the oil, and the count took advantage of its last rays to follow the murderers. But on reaching the top of the stairs, prudence counselled him not to abandon this point of egress.

He heard Christine breathing below, and drops of blood fell from stair to stair in the midst of the silence. It was horrible!

On the other hand, a sound at the back of the den made the count fear that the two women were attempting to escape by the windows.

Ignorance of the place for a moment prevented his moving from the spot on which he was standing, when a ray of light, shining through a glass door allowed him to see the two windows of a room looking into the alley lit by a light from without. At the same time he heard, in the alley, a loud voice call out—

"Hallo!—what's going on here? A door open!"

"Come this way!—come this way!" cried the colonel.

At the same moment the light gleamed inside of the house.

"Ah!" cried the voice, "blood! The devil!—I can't be mistaken—it's Christine!"

"Come here!" repeated the colonel.

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the hairy face of the watchman, Sélég, with his big otter-skin cap, and his goat-skin over his shoulders, appeared at the head of the stairs, directing the light of his lantern towards the count.

The sight of the uniform astonished the worthy fellow.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Come up, my good fellow, come up!"

"Pardon, colonel—but, down below, there's—"

"Yes—a woman has been killed; her murderers are in this house."

The watchman ascended the few remaining stairs, and, holding up his lantern, threw a light on the place; it was a landing about six feet square, on to which opened the door of the room into which the two women had taken refuge. A ladder on the left hand, leading up to the garret-story, still further contracted the space.

The count's paleness astonished Sélég. However, he dared not question the colonel, who asked—

"Who lives here?"

"Two women—a mother and daughter; they are called about the market the Jösels. The mother sells butcher's meat in the market, the daughter makes sausage meat."

The count, recalling the words uttered by Christine in her delirium—"Poor child!—they have killed it!"—was seized with giddiness, and a cold perspiration burst from his forehead.

By the most frightful chance he discovered, at the same instant, behind the stairs, a little flock of blue and red tartan, a pair of small shoes, and a black cap, thrown there out of the light. He shuddered, but an invincible power urged him on to look—to contemplate with his own eyes; he approached, therefore, trembling from head to foot, and with a faltering hand raised these articles of dress.

They had belonged to his child!

Some drops of blood stained his fingers.

Heaven knows what passed in the count's heart. For a long while, leaning for support against the wall, with fixed eyes, arms hanging helplessly by his side, and open mouth, he remained as if stunned. But suddenly he sprang against the door with a yell of fury that terrified the watchman. Nothing could have resisted such a shock. Within the room was heard the crashing of the furniture which the two women had piled up to barricade the entrance; the building shook to its foundation. The count disappeared into the obscurity; then came shrieks, wild cries, imprecations, hoarse clamors, from the midst of the darkness.

There was nothing human in it; it was as if wild beasts were tearing each other to pieces in the recesses of their den!

The alley filled with people. The neighbors from all sides rushed into the house, looking in— "What's the matter? Are they murdering one another here?"

Suddenly all became silent, and the count, covered with wounds from a knife, his uniform in tatters, came down the stairs, his sword red to the hilt; even his moustaches were blood-stained, and those who saw him must have thought that he had been fighting after the manner of tigers.

What more is there for me to tell you?

Colonel Diderich was cured of his wounds, and disappeared from Mayence.

The authorities of the town considered it judicious to keep these horrible details from the parents of the victims; I learned them from the watchman Sélég himself, after he had grown old, and had retired to his village near Saarbrück. He alone knew these details, having appeared as witness at the secret inquiry which was instituted before the criminal tribunal of Mayence.

MESMER IN MARIPOSA.

Colonel Watson was a well-preserved, jolly old gentleman, on the murky side of sixty.

Watson was the victim of a single weakness. One great absorbing, overshadowing idea gave direction to his nightly dreams and was the burden of his daily thoughts.

Through the mystical and subtle agency of mesmerism, he hesitated not to say that one day he would discover gold in such huge quantities that, like the Peruvian Atahualpa, he would fill a room.

In the year 1851, the Colonel, in company with several miners (myself included), located some claims on the Agua Frio, in the County of Mariposa. A greener or more incapacitated set, I believe, never attempted to pry boulders or feed a sluice box. For ten long, sweating hours we addressed ourselves to our now exciting occupation, and when night came we panned out the proceeds of our united labor. It was duly weighed at the grocery, and its value ascertained.

The purchase of four pounds of bacon and one bottle of molasses consumed it all!

The Colonel was furious. In his paroxysm of uncontrollable disgust, he kicked over boxes and even jeopardized the very existence of the molasses bottle. "Others," he said, "could go

it blind." He knew "a way by which intellect could be made to penetrate the earth and discover first the locality of gold before he would apply muscle to extract it."

A few days after this event, Colonel Watson, with much gravity, informed me that James Jackson, the negro barber, was a fine mesmeric subject. "In fact," said he, "our old friend Blinker has told me all about his wonderful adaptability to the influence of human electricity."

The Colonel expressed his determination that only his best and most confidential friends should be let into the secret. "Sailor Jack, Blinker, Snorting Charley, and yourself," said he, "are the only persons whose assistance I desire. In a few days I shall place Jackson in a somnambulist state; in that situation he will communicate to me the exact whereabouts of the richest gold beds in the country."

As the Colonel had invited me to be present, and (to be frank with the reader) as I fully believed in the orthodoxy of Watson's convictions, I visited the Colonel's cabin on the day of the anticipated revelations. I found the subject, James Jackson, seated in a corner of the room on a three-legged stool. Blinker, Snorting Charley, and the other invited guests were present. Watson's face wore an expression of the greatest gravity. He required that all should observe the utmost silence and attention.

Many years have passed since my eyes have rested on the face of Jim Jackson, but my fading recollection was restored only a few days since. An inverted top (without legs, of course,) called back his facial contour, and restored, green to memory, the sombre character of his outline. But, if Jim's face was black, the immutable law of compensation asserted itself in giving color to his eyes. Their parian whiteness would, indeed, put lilacs and snowballs to the blush. Jim's eyes, however, wore an expression of benignity and intelligence. But what shall I say of Jim's mouth? those massive arching lips? those well-developed molars? His mouth was certainly the grandest and most striking feature of his face.

The Colonel fixed his eyes on Jim Jackson's eyes. He placed his hand on Jackson's head, and then made slow passes down Jackson's face to the patches on Jackson's knees. In less than five minutes the subject was lost in a sound, mysterious slumber. The Colonel surveyed him with a satisfaction prompted by his knowledge of his controlling mind. "He is now," said Watson, "thoroughly permeated with what is known to the professors of mesmerism as human electricity. I have as much power over his faculties as you, gentlemen, have over your fingers and toes."

As I had stock in Jackson, I regarded him at this time with the same interest as Jackson's ancestral neighbors of the Nile were wont to regard the sacred crocodile and ibis. Big drops of fluid fell from the Colonel's nose, but as this gentleman was a victim to the sad infirmities of influenza, I am not prepared to assert that these exudations were the consequences of fatigue.

After a few moments' pause the Colonel interviewed his subject:

"Tell me where you are and what you see," said the Colonel.

"I'm down on de Mariposa, 'bout five miles."

"Tell me the spot on which you stand, and what you see."

"I'm a stanin' right in the doorway of Squire Daly's old cabin, and right under my foot, 'bout ten feet deep, I see lots of yellow stuff."

"What is the yellow stuff that you see?" said Watson.

"Gold," said the subject.

"Enough," said the Colonel, and thus ended the scene to which I was a deeply-interested spectator.

A few reversed passes by Watson acted on Jackson as the fifteenth amendment did, in after years, on all of his race. It restored him to certain rights irrespective of his previous condition, &c.

I returned to my cabin, and as it was now night, I attempted to sleep. It has often been a mystery to me how my little home could hold so many gorgeous castles. One after another came floating before an imagination wild with an excess of joyous anticipations. I awoke fatigued. All night I had been extracting big nuggets of gold. But the pile which rewarded my labor grew smaller and smaller as the land of dreams grew fainter and fainter, and at last, to sentient eyes, was seen no more.

On the morning succeeding the eventful day referred to, our little party met at the cabin of the Colonel. Blinker was the only absentee. This gentleman had that morning been suddenly seized with violent cramps.

Did you ever attempt to ascend a high mountain in the month of August? On that day it really seemed to me that the sun was consuming petroleum and pine knots, with the incendiary design of setting the world on fire. It was at such a time as this that we passed the summit of the mountain that rose to obstruct the path which led to the spot designated by Watson's medium. However, we crossed the mountain and followed a rugged ravine at the mouth of which stood the old deserted cabin of Squire Daly. We found without difficulty the spot to which the medium had referred, and without a moment's delay began the work of excavation.

"Look ah're," said Sailor Jack, after he had thrown out a few spadeful of dirt, "somebody has been here a digging before."

"I presume so," said the Colonel, "but I am sure that they failed to go down far enough to strike the lead." With this assurance we cheerfully resumed our labors.

Charley was in the act of moving a large stone, when I heard his crowbar strike against some metallic substance. "By thunder," cried Snorting Charley, "I've now struck the yellow boys." A few moments' work revealed an old camp kettle carefully covered. We raised it, and found that its weight justified the opinion that the reward for our labor was at hand.

I raided the lid, and to my horror and disgust found its contents to be only the fragments of an old iron tank, on the top of which was a large-sized memorandum book. This I also opened, and with surprise almost approaching bewilderment, I discovered a letter addressed as follows:

COLONEL WATSON,
Professor of Mesmerism, &c.,
Agua Frio.

With the consent of the Colonel, I tore open this mysterious document and read as follows:

To COLONEL WATSON—Sweet Plum: The blasted cramps did the business for me. None of your precious wealth can now be mine. Alas! poor Blinker! He never did have any silver lining to his clouds. When I was just eleven months old my junior brother (with the assistance of my unnatural parents) seized upon the first and best rations I ever had.

Poor Jim Jackson! He thinks the world of you, Colonel. He can't say your name without going off into violent convulsions, with alarming symptoms of lock-jaw. Good-by, Sweet Plum.

Yours, mesmerically,

BLINKER.

The bald hills of Mariposa echoed the wild anathems of our infuriated Colonel, and the next day, when we returned to Agua Frio, our professor, without halting for a moment, went for Blinker, but that gentleman, like an Arab, as he was,

"Had folded his tent,
And silently stolen away."

—N. O. Picayune.

THE WARSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

The London Times has the following: "The preparations of designs for the war ships of the future is making considerable progress, and the application of the science of hydraulics to the art of gunnery within these designs receive considerable development, and prove in practice of very great assistance in facilitating the working and loading the monster weapons with which the turrets of the iron-clads will be armed. These guns will far surpass the most powerful artillery at present in existence—the Woolwich Infants, of thirty-five tons weight, and a bore of twelve inches in diameter, and the great guns which Krupp is now making for the Germans being alike eclipsed by the new weapon, which will have a bore of nearly fifteen inches, and weigh sixty tons. These guns will be built upon the system which originated and has now been in such successful operation at the Royal Gun Factories, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for several years—by coil upon coil of wrought iron and a steel tube; a system which insures the greatest possible strength and immunity from danger of bursting, and practically imposes no limit to the size of the guns. They will be fitted with a movable breech-loading arrangement. The Woolwich Infant will throw a 700-pound shot six or seven miles; the new gun will hurl a projectile weighing 1,100 pounds (half a ton) over a range which has yet to be determined. As the antithesis of this enormous gun, the new steel mountain gun has just been placed in the model-room of the Royal Gun Factories. This gun weighs only 200 pounds, but it can fire a shell of seven pounds with good effect up to 3,000 yards, and with its little carriage is designed to be conveyed on the backs of mules, for which pack-saddles are specially constructed. It is also admirably adapted for boat-service."

THE PIN MACHINE.

This machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. It is about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only much stronger. On the side at the back a light belt descends from a long shaft in the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of the machine hangs on a peg a reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. The wire descends, and the end enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by inches incessantly—one hundred and forty bites to the minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face hits the end of the wire three times, "upsets" it to a head, while he grips it to a counter sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust with his tongue he then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the pins, and a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped in a little shower in a box. Twenty-eight pounds are a day's work for one of these jerking little automaton. The machines reject crooked pins, the slightest irregularity in any of them being detected.

SWIFT AS A FLASH.

BY MRS. C. READE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I should die, I think; or take to metaphysics."

"I'm afraid either process would be equally unproductive of substantial good," laughing. "However, I can assure you you ought to think yourselves uncommonly well off in England."

"Shall you stay long?" asks Grace.

"Only six months. I wish I could have got leave for a year; but the powers that be were obdurate."

"Powers that be usually are," sighs Louie. "My husband is in the navy, you know, and here I am left alone, *en deuil*, the best half of my time."

"Isn't Wynbridge a social place, then?" asks the visitor, tapping the carpet reflectively with his stick. He is almost certain that he has met this very beautiful Miss Baird long ago, in the white-frock-and-blue-sash stage of her existence. "Pretty well. I know a few people in a society sort of way; but it is not the rule to call on strangers, I find, so one has no chance of enlarging one's circle."

"Ah, I see. That's just what my friends the Thorndykes complain of." Mrs. Danger pricks up her ears. "They find it extremely dull after Cheltenham."

"I should think so, indeed; Cheltenham is so very gay."

"Doesn't Miss Thorndyke affect the pleasures of the country?" smiles Grace, tweaking one of Tootoo's pointed ears.

"Well, she declares that there are no pleasures of the country," laughs Captain Tewell. "They've been wanting to get up a picnic to Virginia Water for ever so long, but—"

"A picnic to Virginia Water! What a delicious idea!" exclaims Mrs. Danger; instantly seeing herself setting mankind by the ears in the most exquisite of Dolly-Varden costumes. Foreground: greensward, ornamental water, and swans. Background: rhododendrons, classical ruins, and a glorious sunset of the papier-mâché tea-tray order.

"Is it delicious?" asks Captain Tewell, turning to Grace dubiously.

"It might be."

"Then it is delicious. How odd that it never struck me in that light until now!"

"When is it to come off?" inquires Louie a little less enthusiastically; her chances of participation in the "it" are so very microscopic.

"I really don't know. We've talked it over every day at breakfast for a week, but as yet nothing definite has been arrived at."

"Have you been at Wynbridge a week?" Grace's tone is that of interested astonishment.

"Yes. Isn't it curious that we should never have met?"

"I don't know," blushing. "We seldom go into the village; besides, if we had met, we should have been just about as wise as we were before."

"Ye-es. Yet I think I should have recognised you; I mean, I think I should have been struck by your likeness to a little girl I used to—"

"You mean her likeness to herself," laughs Louie gleefully. "Do you know, we quite made up our minds that there could only be one Captain Tewell in the world."

"On the contrary, I thought such a coincidence was most unlikely," says Grace coldly. Mrs. Danger's levity compels rebuke.

"And you are really the small child I remember?" demands the Captain eagerly.

"I am really the small child you remember."

"How extraordinary! Why, it's nearly thirteen years since I last saw you or Mrs. Baird."

"Yes, I know it is," looking away out of the window. The mention of her mother's name is still grievous unto Grace.

"Time goes so quickly," says Louie; turning her wedding-ring round and round on her taper pink-nailed finger.

"How very extraordinary!" again exclaims Captain Tewell. "Whoever could have dreamt of meeting you again down here?"

"The world isn't half so large as people say," says Mrs. Danger philosophically, and then settles herself down cozily in the armchair corner of the sofa.

"No, I suppose not," answers Captain Tewell dreamily. Then he and Grace begin to talk of this and that person; of his sisters, of his father now dead, of all the old time fled away into the past, as is the way of friends who have not met for years.

"And you were always such good companions?" smiles Louie, who contrives by dint of clever management to include herself gracefully in these reminiscences.

"Nearly always, I think. I can only remember one serious disagreement."

"O, yes; I know. You bolstered me most unmercifully; and then, Louie, how do you think he tried to make up for it?"

Louie shakes her blonde head. She has not the "remotest idea."

"Well, he used to tell the most marvellous stories every evening."

"When your hair was being curled," strikes in Rae.

"Yes, when my hair was being curled. Stories about every beast, bird, and reptile under the sun, from a cockatrice to a black-beetle. So when I made a fuss about being done to death in cold blood, he promised me a Bengal tiger in the act of devouring a native; and even hinted

that if I was extremely good, he might throw in a crocodile besides!"

Captain Tewell laughs loudly at this recital of his past enormities; and Louie suggests that if he can be spared he may as well eat his luncheon at Berrylands, which suggestion he accepts readily enough.

How pleasantly the time passes when one has something fresh to talk about, and somebody fresh to talk to! Rae feels fonder of Mick that morning than he has ever felt before during all their five years' intimacy.

"I always did think she would grow up into a charming girl," thinks he, as he watches Grace's pretty ways and listens to her pleasant voice; "but whether quite so charming, that is another matter altogether."

"So you really think you like this picnic notion?" This presently, when they are all seated at luncheon; Mick and Tootoo wearing and snapping at each other luxuriously under the table.

"O, above all things!" and Mrs. Danger helps herself to a rissolo and some fried parsley.

"Then how shall we manage it? What's the correct thing to do? Shall Mrs. Thorndyke call on you, Mrs. Danger; or you on Mrs. Thorndyke?"

"Is Mrs. Thorndyke scrupulous?"

"Scrupulous! Well, I can't say. Perhaps she is rather."

"Then you had better call on her, Louie," says Grace, bestowing a chicken bone on Mick.

"But she's quite a veteran compared to me. I shouldn't know what to do," piteously. "Can't you say that I should be charmed to make her acquaintance, and all that sort of thing, and leave it there?"

"H'm!" Rae looks somewhat dubious as to the probable success of this plan of action. "I'll see what I can do!" adds he at length. "They're such nice people, you know, that I'm sure you'll get on well together!"

"Miss Thorndyke is very pretty, isn't she?" inquires Grace.

"Yes, I think she is," somewhat dubiously; then more decidedly, "yes, I suppose you'd call her quite a pretty girl," whisking away his soft golden-brown moustache from the corners of his mouth.

"We hear that she is lovely!" gushes Louie with enthusiasm. "Do have some tart?"

"No, thanks.—Well, old boy, want a bit of bread?"

Nothing more is said anent Mrs. Thorndyke or her daughter during the remainder of luncheon, or indeed at all, until Captain Tewell stands, gray hat in hand, his dog at his heels, ready to say good-bye. Then he hopes the picnic will come off, also that he shall see them, Mrs. Danger and Grace, soon again.

"I hope so, too, I'm sure!" replies Louie, shaking hands with him warmly; it is her way.

"Thank you, good-bye!" a squeeze of Grace's long white fingers, and he is gone.

"Well, how do you like your Rae?" turning back into the hall; they parted from him at the door.

"He is very much like everybody else," coolly.

"Indeed, everybody else is to be envied!"

"What, for being seven feet high, and as brown as a berry, and as—"

"Nonsense! you know as well as I do he is perfectly delightful."

"He is all very well."

"And you don't want to go to the picnic?" pointing, with suspiciously bright eyes.

"No!" This young woman can be contradictory when she chooses.

Mrs. Danger shrugs her shoulders.

"Well, I'm sure it doesn't matter to me," says she, not without emphasis.

"Why should it?" calmly. "See, it isn't raining now. Let us go for a walk."

"Very well." Louie is always the first to kiss again, though she is a married woman and four-and-twenty.

"Fancy troubling oneself about a man, a miserable wretched man!" thinks Grace contemptuously, as she buttons her boots. But at nineteen the mental vision will bear development.

CHAPTER IV.

"FULL OF SOUND AND SHADOW."

Half-past four on the sultriest of sultry afternoons—not a leaf stirring, scarce a bird chirping, scarce a bee flying. The very grass looks faint with heat; the flowers gape athirst, and yet the relentless sun glares down on them, glares fiercely, as though their fragile loveliness were an offence against his sullen majesty.

Grace is sitting alone in the drawing-room—Louie is up-stairs trying on a new dress, which has arrived this morning from London, and concerning which much anxiety has been felt for the last ten days—a novel lies open on her lap. It is a well-told, well-constructed story, and as loving as a book can be; nevertheless, she has not turned over a page for the last half hour, to my certain knowledge.

A farthing for your thoughts, young lady. Hark! a ring and rap at the hall-door. Visitors, and Louie away fiddling with that abomination in white muslin and mauve silk. How dreadfully annoying! Grace has a righteous horror of strangers, and most of the Wynbridge gentry are strangers to her. There is nothing to be done, however, but to pocket her discomfiture, and get out her company manners as quickly as may be. Bless me! Here is Susan at the door before one can turn round.

"Mrs. and Miss Thorndyke and Captain Tewell," entering with three cards on a silver waiter.

Grace takes the cards, drops them into the

card-basket at her elbow, says, "Will you tell Mrs. Danger, please?" and finds herself bowing to an elderly lady, all lace and silk and blackness and patchouli; and followed by Rae Tewell, looking pretty much the same as he did the day before yesterday, except in the matter of a blue-black coat and a morsel of stephanotis in his button-hole.

"I must apologise for calling so late," smiles Mrs. Thorndyke, graciously sinking into an indefinite heap of costly apparel on the sofa; "but really this sort of weather makes one so very languid."

Grace agrees; she also volunteers a suggestion that it will thunder soon.

"O, please don't say that. Thunder and lightning reduce me to a state of the most abject terror; of course it's very ridiculous to be so babyish," and Miss Thorndyke displays all her pretty teeth ravishingly. Grace wonders whether she is quite as pretty as Louie. She has certainly wonderfully good features of the aquiline order, and nice gray eyes, and a generally well-groomed self-possessed look, as if she had always been considered worth her fellow-creatures' favorable notice; but—

"A thunderstorm would do a lot of good, I think," observes Captain Tewell, turning himself about gingerly on a chair much too small for him. "Make the air fresher, and give us the chance of one really fine day."

"And we do so want a fine day," smiles Miss Thorndyke. "Captain Tewell has told you about our proposed picnic?"

"Yes," says Grace, wishing the while that Mrs. Thorndyke wouldn't stare at her quite so hard.

"What a strange thing it was that you should have found poor dear Mick; really quite romantic!" with a delicate little laugh. "We were in the lowest spirits about him, you know, when Mrs. Danger's note arrived."

"Wonderfully lucky dog, Mick!" remarks Rae fragmentarily.

"Yes, indeed," beams Mrs. Thorndyke; "such a charming refuge is not to be found everywhere. Isobel," with a great deal of "o," "has often said to me that Berrylands was the prettiest house in Wynbridge. Our own little place is so dreadfully small!" looking about her appreciatively.

Yap, yap! barks Tootoo outside the door.

Thank heaven, Louie can't be very far off now! The door opens; behold her, radiant in the consciousness of being the most perfectly delightful young person of her acquaintance.

"How very kind of you to come and find us out so soon! How do you do, Captain Tewell?" shaking hands all round. "On this hot day too! What weather we are having!" And she and Mrs. Thorndyke settle down side by side, whilst Miss Isobel, Rae, and Grace retreat to the window, there to talk vigorously about nothing, with a laudable zeal worthy of the most genuine success.

They do succeed to, in a certain sort of way; that is, they contrive to find out various small facts about each other which are not wholly uninteresting, such as that Rae's acquaintance with his present hostess began in India; also that her daughter, pretty as she is, is not exactly a "bud"; also that Grace herself is little better than a raw schoolgirl; also that some one appears lamentably unconscious of that salient truth, and inclined to treat her shortcomings with an indulgence scarcely consistent with strict justice or propriety. But this is merely a reflection; wherefore Louie, fancying they are all getting on beautifully, begs Mrs. Thorndyke to stay to afternoon tea—an invitation which, after a due amount of hesitation, that lady accepts, to some one's considerable satisfaction, be it said.

"And now about this picnic?" when orange pekoe and biscuit sandwiches are well established. "Please excuse my brusquerie, but you know it always seems such a pity to delay anything nice."

"That is exactly my argument," says Rae. "I've used it on all possible occasions, but without the slightest effect."

"What a shame to slander us so!" smiles Isobel, lowering her long black eyelashes. "I'm sure we are most anxious to see Virginia Water, but we don't seem to know how to get there."

"Go by train," suggests Grace practically.

"Ah, go by train; not at all a bad idea!" condescends Mrs. Thorndyke. "Have you any notion how the trains run?"

"I fancy there's one about half-past ten, and one about twelve, but I'm not certain."

"The twelve o'clock one would do very well. People are always dull before luncheon, so we needn't trouble about getting there too early," observes Miss Thorndyke, bending over a photographic album.

"Spoken with the wisdom of the serpent," smiles Rae.

"If not the harmlessness of the dove," adds Grace demurely.

Isobel sighs. It is such very bad style to be funny, you know.

"Never mind about doves and serpents," observes Louie, "and such unseemly creatures. Let us fix on a day. Something definite is so comforting."

"On Monday we are engaged," says Mrs. Thorndyke. "Tuesday, too, we are threatened with a croquet party; but Wednesday—would Wednesday suit you, Mrs. Danger?"

"Let me see. Yes, I think so. Have we anything for Wednesday, Grace?"

Grace shakes her head. "Nothing that I can remember," answers she.

"Well, then, suppose we decide on Wednesday. You'll be here, to rush about and make yourself generally useful, I hope Captain Tewell," turning to him, as he tells Grace that her

carte is not a bit like her; not the least in the world! Of course not. What pretty girl ever did have a carte taken that was the least like her?"

"Eh? O yes; I believe I may be reckoned upon."

"Certainly," asseverates Mrs. Thorndyke. "I hope we sha'n't lose you for a long time yet."

So the picnic solidifies; and edibles, potables, consumers, come under review. There is no difficulty about the two first items. Lobster-salad and Simkin are easily enough procurable anywhere in this enlightened land, goodness knows, when coin of the realm is forthcoming; even chicken mayonnaise and strawberry ice, and various other improving condiments, are not to be utterly despaired of under enterprising management; but on the score of festive guests there seems to be some slight awkwardness.

"The truth is, we have not cared to visit much among the Wynbridges," says Miss Isobel. "It is so extremely unpleasant to find oneself obliged to drop people after a short acquaintance; and really trade is so horribly pushing in these suburban places, that you never know whom you are getting mixed up with."

Grace feels graceful to Providence that her father was not a grocer, or a butcher, or even a candlestick-maker, or indeed in any way inclined to earn his own living.

"O, of course," answers Louie somewhat vaguely; she herself not being at all burdened by these high-bred scruples. "Still we must have somebody besides ourselves; don't you think so?"

"Without a doubt; indeed I should rather like to make some nice new acquaintances," emphasising "nice."

"Well, what do you say to the Vicarage people being asked? Their eldest son is at Oxford; but I heard a day or two ago that he was not going to stay up for the Commemoration, so they expect him home early next week. The girls, too, are quite an addition to any party."

"We have seen them in church, I think," rather dubiously. Isobel is not particularly partial to the clergy or their womenkind.

"Would they come if they were asked?" inquires her mother. "It is so annoying to be disappointed at the last moment."

"O, I'm sure they would, they are so fond of going out. Then there are the Boscauens; young married people, you know, lively and—"

"Something to do with Lord Falmouth, I suppose?" cheerfully.

"I believe so; anyhow they are extremely well-connected, and immensely sought after, I assure you. Mrs. Boscauwen is so musical and clever."

"No, is she really? Do you know, I am quite afraid of clever people!"

"Are you indeed?" says Louie, rather dryly for her.

"My daughter has been sadly spoilt, Mrs. Danger," remarks Mrs. Thorndyke apologetically. "Sadly; and the result is that her tastes are law in our own little ménage." Isobel smiles a deprecatory little smile at Captain Tewell, but he is talking to Grace, and consequently callous. "However," rising from the sofa, "please do your best for us, and I am sure we shall have a most enchanting day. Good-bye; I am so charmed to have found you in. Good-bye!" shaking fingers with Grace.

Captain Tewell and Isobel perform their farewells, and the formidable *visite de cérémonie* concludes.

"Mind you let me know whenever I can be useful," says the former as he leaves the room; "and by the bye, I have got some cartes of the girls I think you'd like to see, Miss Baird. May I bring them some day?"

"If it won't give you a great deal of trouble," coloring up.

"On the contrary, it will be a pleasure. Good-bye!" and he follows the Thorndykes.

"Do you think her pretty?" as the hall-door bangs behind them.

"Yes, she is pretty, but woefully *manière*! How do you like my dress?"

"It is charming! How do you like madam?"

"My dear!" and Louie goes off into fits of laughter. "You should have heard her preaching away to me about all her flocks and herds, and men-servants and maid-servants."

"Like the patriarch Abraham," remarks Grace, going to the glass and settling a recalcitrant hair-pin.

"Exactly. I thought I should have shrieked, but I didn't," thankfully.

"And now they've come down to doing watering-places. H'm!" A sort of *sic transit gloria mundi* H'm!

"They'll do a good few more too, before that girl goes off," with cruel complacency.

"Why, Rae Tewell is going to marry her, isn't he?"

"Can you doubt it?"

CHAPTER V.

"IN MY HEART," SHE SAID, "I LOVE HIM."

The days go by, as days do go when there is one especial day to be lived up to, somewhere hidden away in the future. Captain Tewell, Mick at his heels, is in and out of Berrylands from morning till night. It is really amazing what a fund of ingenuity lies perdu in this ingenuous young man's inner consciousness. Never is he without a good excuse for dangleing after Grace, let her occupation be what it may, from mending gloves to practising Chopin; never is he at a loss to find out exactly what she wants, where it is to be had, and how it is to be got at; never does he seem to be able to make himself happy anywhere but in her immediate vicinity,

either personal or spiritual. Louie sees all this, you may be sure, and smiles in a superior sort of way when Grace declares that Rae's outgoings and incomings are nothing to her. He is "Rae" now, mark you.

"Very well, dear," says she calmly. "Don't let us worry about him; he is too nice to be turned into a nuisance."

And Grace is fain to subdue her rebellious soul—which, I regret to state, is far more inclined unto war than peace on all possible occasions, though she is tame enough to one person in the world—and accept her position. So the hours wax fewer and fewer which lie between our merry-makers and their merry-making.

The Vicarage people are coming, be it known, coming with young Oxford in grand form; the Boscauwens are coming; the cham., which Rae prognosticates will turn out fearfully real the next morning, is coming; the lobsters are coming; the chickens, the strawberries are coming; the everything is coming.

"With a fine day we shall do delightfully," says Mrs. Thorndyke, thinking of mademoiselle's new gray baliste costume, trimmed with real Cluny at five shillings a yard; and I do verily believe this anxious parent has reason.

"I never thought I should be so happy in England," remarks Rae, as he and Grace saunter about the garden in the twilight on Tuesday evening. He has suffered the Thorndykes to perform their fetish worship at one of the most select temples in that region alone to-night; indeed they, poor souls, have begun to experience a somewhat exasperating difficulty in enjoying his society at all of late, save at cockcrow and midnight, seasons when even the liveliest of us are apt to feel unequal to great mental effort.

"Didn't you?" replies Grace, weakly rather; then brisling up, "Of course you must have found it dull at first without the girls, or any one who was quite your own to go about with." Rae's sisters are living with a married aunt in Dresden.

"Ye-es; though I don't really think they would have made such a very great difference to me. When a fellow gets to be seven-and-twenty, he wants something nearer and dearer even than a sister in the way of a woman friend;" and his voice asks the question his words do not.

"Perhaps," a most unsatisfactory "perhaps." Dead silence. Grace finds herself suddenly face to face with the secret of her life. She could as soon play the fool with this great gray-eyed man as she could turn negress. Thus much she does know already; what more there may be for her to know she scarcely cares to think. She is so shy of herself, of her own heart this maiden of nineteen.

"Grace—" But she is off in a second. "Please don't run away from me!" says the great gray-eyed man, hastening after her between the dew-spangled shrubs, between the heavy-hearted sleep-kissed flowers.

Alack, he has no power to stay her! She is the thrall of a mightier than he.

"My dear, you look as if you had recently arrived from the moon," remarks Louie, when this silly girl presents herself at the open window of that lady's especial sanctum; a nondescript apartment opening into the garden, and sacred to the performance of various pleasant idlenesses, from the consumption of Latakia to the composition of sartorial follies.

But Mrs. Danger's placid rallery is quite thrown away upon poor Grace. "I didn't know any one was here," says she rapidly. "I want to be alone; I'm going up-stairs." Click goes the door.

"Well, to be sure!" cries Louie, trying on a marvellous combination of various fluffy substances, which is to do duty for a hat to-morrow.

"O, there you are, Captain Tewell," suddenly seeing his reflection staring at her in the glass, his cigar in his mouth, and a general woe-begone expression pervading his classic countenance. "What have you and Grace been quarrelling about?" wrestling vigorously with a vengeful bit of wire which has got entangled in her silky hair.

"I am not aware that we have quarrelled. Can I be of any use?"

"No, thanks; I usually reduce myself to a state of premature baldness about once a week at this sort of thing. There! Why! how dreadfully wretched you look! what's the matter?"

"Nothing; weather, I suppose. May I come in?"

"May you come in!" mockingly. "We were introduced exactly five minutes ago, I suppose," with a laugh. "You'll find something to sit upon somewhere, if you look for it."

Rae does not take long to find the said something; a few seconds, and he is comfortably, or rather uncomfortably, settled in a wickerwork armchair about big enough for Tootoo, who is snoring diapasonically on the sofa.

Mrs. Danger, like most pretty fair women, possesses a keen appreciation of the woes of good-looking agreeable men. Rae is good-looking and agreeable; he is also woeful. She pities him, and consequently pets and humors him to a surprising degree. They talk about the Thorndykes judiciously, they talk about Grace rapturously, they talk about to-morrow hopefully.

"I do wish I hadn't let my confounded tongue get the better of me!" exclaims he at length, after a somewhat prolonged pause.

"What did you say?"

"I don't exactly know, nothing particular; but she's so different from other girls—"

"You wouldn't have her changed, would you?"

"Not for worlds. She is perfection."

"Yes, I think she is," looking round at him slowly.

He sighs, shrugs his shoulders, flings his cigar-end into the grate, gets up, stretches himself, and wishes her good-night.

"Good-night, and don't be too miserable," shaking hands with him lingeringly; but he doesn't smile a bit.

"Poor creature!" meditates Louie; "he is evidently very bad indeed. I had no idea matters had gone as far as this."

"Are you in bed?" she asks, knocking at Grace's door later.

"No."

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

Grace is sitting by the open window in her dressing-gown. She looks like the portraits of Madame Tallien, so white, so heroic, so lovely, with her piled-up masses of bright hair, her chiselled marble-pale face.

"You'll catch a cold, and be as hoarse as a raven to-morrow."

"No," with a languid shake of the head.

"But you will," pulling the pretty cretonne curtain forward. "What's the matter with you, child?"

"Nothing is the matter. Please don't worry yourself about me. I shall do very well," Grace answers grimly.

"Of that I've not the slightest doubt; still you might be a little more open with me," aggrievedly.

"I've nothing to be open about."

Mrs. Danger supports herself under these trying circumstances by the rearrangement of the hairbrushes on the dressing-table.

"How I do wish we could all die to-night, and have done with this horrid tiresome old world!" exclaims Grace, leaning her face wearily on one fair white hand, half hidden in soft lace.

"Thank you! I don't want to die at all. I've got my senses still," severely.

"I wish I had."

"So do I. The idea of refusing Rae Towell. Why, you must be as blind as a bat to begin with!"

"Who said I had refused him?" averting her face.

"But you mean to refuse him?"

"Yes," doggedly.

"You do actually mean it?"

"Yes, if he asks me."

"But why, why, why?"

"I don't know."

"Grace!" sternly.

Miss Baird laughs, and clasps her round arms behind her head.

"I don't believe you; you say this to annoy me," exclaims Louie.

"Why should it annoy you?"

"Because I have your interests at heart—because I love you, dear." The tears are in her tender eyes.

"I wish people wouldn't love me; I don't want to be loved; I hate being loved; being loved drives me mad!" cries Grace vehemently.

"So it seems. Good-night." And Mrs. Danger departs in a state of dignified rigidity fearful to contemplate.

Then Grace begins to think whether she does indeed hate being loved quite so fiercely after all; thinks and thinks until she scarce has heart to think at all, so weary is she of the ever-echoing Yea or Nay.

To be continued.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESSEN.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

When the ballad was at an end, it was some time before any one spoke, for no one wished to be the first to break the silence.

"Always the same mournful tales," said at length one of the old men, but only half aloud, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Rhyme-Ola," cried one of the fiddlers, "why don't you learn to sing something jolly, instead of these sad old things which could almost make a stone weep?"

"You might just as well tell the plover to sing like the lark," answered Rhyme-Ola.

"I love the old songs," said Ragnhild Rimul, (for she was there also), "they always bring tears to my eyes, but sometimes I like better to cry than to laugh."

Peer Berg now signalled to the oarsmen, and the boats soon shot swiftly in through the fjord. In about an hour the whole company landed on the Berg pier, and marched in procession up to the wedding-house. First came the musicians, then bride and bridegroom, and after them their parents and nearest kin. The guests formed the rear. Among the last couples were Lars Henjum and Ragnhild; last of all came Gunnar and Rhyme-Ola.

Berg was an old-fashioned place, for Peer Berg took a special pride in being old-fashioned. Coming up the hill from the water, Berg appeared more like a small village than a single family dwelling. The mansion itself in which Peer with his wife and his Wild-Ducks resided was of a most peculiar shape. It was very large and had two stories, the upper surrounded by a huge balcony, which made it appear nearly twice as broad as the lower. Over this balcony shot out a most venerable slated roof, completely overgrown with moss, grass, and even shrubs of considerable size; the railing, which had once been painted and skilfully

carved, was so high and so close that it afforded little or no room for the daylight to peep in and cheer the dreary nest of the Wild-Ducks. Round the mansion lay a dozen smaller houses and cottages, scattered in all directions; if they had grown out from the soil of their own accord, they could hardly have got into more awkward or more irregular positions. One looked north, another west, a third south-east, and no two lay parallel or with their gables facing each other. Every one of these houses, however, had been erected for some special purpose. First, there were, of course, the barns and the stables, which in size and respectability nearly rivalled the mansion. Quite indispensable were the servant-hall, the sheepfold, and the wash-house; and without forge and flax-house Berg could hardly have kept up its reputation as a model establishment.

With gay music and noisy laughter and merriment, the bridal procession passed into the yard, where from the steps of the mansion they were greeted by the master of ceremonies in a high-flown speech of congratulation. The doors were then thrown wide open, and soon like a swelling tide the crowd rolled through the house, and the lofty halls shook with the hum and din of the festivity. For at such times the Norsemen are in their lustiest mood; then the old Saga-spirit is kindled again within them; and let him beware who durst say then that the Viking blood of the North is extinct. The festal hall at Berg, which occupied the whole lower floor of the building, was decorated for the occasion with fresh leaves and birch branches, for the birch is the pride of the trees; but as it was still early in the season, it was necessary to keep up a fire on the open hearth. This hearth might indeed, in more than one sense, be said to have given a certain homely color to everything present, not only in the remoter sense, as being the gathering-place of the family in the long winter evenings, but also in a far nearer one; its smoke had, perhaps for more than a century, been equally shared by the chimney and the room, and had settled in the form of shining soot on walls, rafters, and ceiling. Two long tables extended across the length of the hall from one wall to another, laden with the most tempting dishes. The seats of honor, of course, belonged to the bride and bridegroom, and they having taken their places, the master of ceremonies urged the guests to the tables and arranged them in their proper order in accordance with their relative dignity or their relationship or acquaintance with the bride. Now the blessing was pronounced and the meal began. It was evident enough that the boating and the march had wetted the guests' appetites; huge trays of cream-porridge, masses of dried beef, and enormous wheaten loaves disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Toast upon toast was drunk, lively speeches made and heartily applauded, tales and legends told, and a tone of hearty, good-humored merriment prevailed. The meal was a long one; when the feasters rose from the tables it was already dusk. In the course of the afternoon the weather had changed: now it was blowing hard, and the wind was driving huge masses of cloud in through the mountain gorges. Shadows sank over the valley, the torches were lit in the wedding-house, and a lusty wood-fire crackled and roared on the hearth. Then the tables were removed, the music began, and bride and bridegroom trod the springing dance together, according to ancient custom; others soon followed, and before long the floors and the walls creaked and the flames of the torches rose and flickered in fitful motion, as the whirling air-currents seized and released them. Those of the men who did not dance joined the crowd round the beer-barrels, which stood in the corner opposite the hearth, and there slaked their thirst with the strong, home-brewed drink which Norsemen have always loved so well, and fell into friendly chat about the result of the late fishery or the probabilities for a favorable lumber and grain year.

It was late, near midnight. The storm was growing wilder without, the dance within. Clouds of smoke and dust arose; and as the hour of midnight drew near, the music of the violins grew wilder and more exciting.

All the evening Lars Henjum had been hovering near Ragnhild, as if watching her; and Gunnar, who rather wished to keep as far away as possible from Lars, had not yet spoken to her since her arrival. Now, by chance, she was standing next to him in the crowd; Lars had betaken himself to the beer-vessel; which, it was clear enough, he had already visited too often. As Gunnar stood there he felt a strange sensation steal over him. Ragnhild seemed to be as far away from him as if he had only known her slightly, as if their whole past, with their love and happiness, had only been a strange, feverish dream, from which they had now both waked up to the clear reality. He glanced over to Ragnhild and met a long, unspeakably sad look resting on him. Then, like an electric shock, a great, gushing warmth shot from his heart and diffused itself through every remotest vein and fibre. The fog-veil of doubt was gone; he was again in the power of his dream, and in the very excess of his emotion; forgetting all but her, he seized her hand, bent over her and whispered, "Ragnhild, dearest, do you know me?" It was an absurd question, and he was aware of that himself in the very next minute, but then it was already too late. She, however, had but little difficulty in understanding it: for she only seized his other hand too, turned on him a face beaming with joyful radiance, and said softly, "Gunnar, where have you been so long?" Instead of an answer, he flung his arms around her waist, lifted her up

from the floor with a powerful grasp and away they went like a whirlwind.

"A devil of a fellow in the dance, that Gunnar Henjum!" said one of the lads at the beer-vessel to Lars, who happened to be his next neighbor; "never saw I a brisker lad on a dancing-floor as far back as my memory goes. And it is plain enough that the girls think the same." Lars heard it, he saw Gunnar's daring leap, saw Ragnhild bending trustfully towards him, and heard the loud shouts of admiration. In another moment he imagined that all eyes were directed towards himself, and his suspicion read a pitying sneer in all faces.

"No use for you to try there any longer," cried a young fellow, coming up to him, and in the loving mood of half-intoxication laying both his arms round his neck; "it is clear the houseman's boy has got the upper hand of you."

"And if you did try," interposed another, "all you would gain would be a sound thrashing; and you always were very careful about your skin, Lars."

Lars bit his lip. Every word went through him like a poisonous sting, but he made no answer. The bridegroom had gone to give the fiddlers a jug of beer, and the music had stopped. Ragnhild sat hot and flushed on a bench by the wall, and Gudrun stood bending over her and eagerly whispering in her ear. Gunnar walked towards the door, and Lars followed a few steps after,—the two lads at some distance. "Now there will be sport, boys," said they, laughing.

Gunnar stood on the outer stairs, peering into the dark, impenetrable night. The storm had now reached its height; the wind howled from overhead through the narrow mountain gorges; it roared and shrieked from below, and died away in long, despairing cries. Then it paused as if to draw its breath, and there was a great, gigantic calm, and again it burst forth with increased violence. To him it was a relief to hear the storm, it was a comfort to feel its power; for in his own breast there was a storm raging too. When, ah! when should he summon the courage to break all the ties that bound him to the past? Before him lay the wide future, great and promising. O, should he never reach that future? The storm made a fearful rush; the building trembled; something heavy fell upon Gunnar's neck, and he tumbled head-long down into the yard. His first thought was that a plank torn loose by the wind had struck him; but by the light from the windows he saw a man leap down the steps after him; he sprang up and prepared to meet him, for he knew the man. "I might have known it was you, Lars Henjum," cried he, "for the blow was from behind."

When Lars saw his rival on his feet he paused for a moment, until a loud, scornful laugh from the spectators again kindled his ire.

"I knew you would be afraid, Lars Henjum," shouted a voice from the crowd.

Gunnar was just turning to receive Lars when a blow, heavier than the first, struck him from behind over his left ear. The darkness was thick, and Lars took advantage of the darkness.

The flaring, unsteady light of a hundred torches struggled with the gloom; men and women, young and old, pressed out with torches and firebrands in their hands, and soon the wedding guests had formed a close ring around the combatants, and stared with large eyes at the wild and bloody play; for they knew that the end of such a scene is always blood. At windows and doors crowds of young maidens watched the fighters, with fright and eager interest painted in their youthful faces, and clasped each other more tightly for every blow that fell.

By the light of the burning logs Gunnar now found his opponent. Wildly they rushed at each other, and wild was the combat that followed. Revenge, long-cherished hatred, burned in Lars' eye; and as the memory of past insults returned, the blood ran hotter through Gunnar's veins. The blows came quick and strong on either side, and it would have been hard to tell who gave and who received the most. At last a well-directed blow struck Lars on the head; the blood streamed from his mouth and nostrils, he reeled and fell backward. A subdued murmur ran through the crowd. Two men sprang forward, bent over him, and asked if he was much hurt. Gunnar was about to go, when suddenly he saw the wounded man leap to his feet, a long knife gleaming in his hand; in the twinkling of an eye he was again at his side; he wrung the weapon from his grasp, and held it threateningly over his head. "Beg now for your life, you cowardly wretch!" cried he, pale with rage.

Lars foamed; he made a rush for the knife, but missing it, he flung his arm round Gunnar's waist and struggled to throw him. Gunnar strove to free himself. In the contest, Lars' foot slipped, they both tumbled to the ground. A shooting pain ran through Lars' body; in another moment he felt nothing. A red stream gushed from his side; he had fallen on his own knife. Gunnar rose slowly, saw and shuddered. The last gleam of the torches flickered, dying.

Wildly howled the storm, but over the storm arose a helpless shriek of despair. "O Gunnar, Gunnar, what hast thou done?" and Ragnhild sprang from the stairs, frantically pressed onward through the throng, and flung herself upon Lars' bloody body. She lifted her eyes to Gunnar with horror. "O Gunnar, may God be merciful to thee!"

The last spark was quenched. Night lay before him, night behind him. He turned towards the night—and fled.

(To be continued.)

MY DARLING.

Do you hear the spring birds trilling in their gladness?

O my darling, are you listening to their song, Whilst you wander, now so lonely, in your sadness;

Never meeting with the one who waits so long?

Do you hear the blackbird calling to his mate, love?

Hear you now the sweet response his mate returns?

So I've called to you from dawn of life till late, love;

But my heart for your response yet madly yearns.

Do you see the sunshine gladdening the earth, love?

Do you feel the breath of spring upon your brow,

As it calleth bud and blossom into birth, love? Are you yearning for a kindred spirit now?

When the twilight shades are lengthening on the meadows,

When the sun is slowly sinking in the west, Comes to you no spirit-yearning with the shadows,

No responsive thrilling from another's breast?

In the silence of the even, do you wonder

Where the footstep is that lingers far, as yet, Keeping hearts that should be mated far asunder?

Is your pillow in the midnight stillness wet?

Shall I never feel your breath upon my cheek, love?

Never feel your heart 'gainst mine at wildly beat?

Must I wander still, and never hear you speak, love?

O my darling, shall we never, never meet?

[Registered according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS. M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Lucius began his task without another word; he could not trust himself to speak yet awhile. He unfastened the clumsy folding-doors of the cabinet, with a hand that trembled a little in spite of his effort to be calm, and opened the drawers one after another. They came out easily enough, and rattled loosely in their frames, so shrunken was the wood. Outer drawers and inner drawers, and papers in almost all of them—some were mere scrappy memoranda, scrawled on half sheets or quarter sheets of letter paper; other documents were in sealed envelopes; others were little packets of letters, two or three together, tied with faded red tape. Lucius examined all the doors and minute cupboards, designed, one would suppose, with a special view to the accumulation of rubbish; emptied them of their contents, tied the papers all together in his handkerchief, and gave them into the custody of Lucille. The light had faded a little by the time this was done, and the corners of the loft were wrapped in deepening shadow—a gruesome ghostly place to be left alone in by this half light. Lucille looked round her with a shudder as she turned to leave it.

They were on the perilous staircase—Lucius in front, Lucille behind him, half supported by his uplifted arm, both obliged to stoop to avoid concussion with the low sloping ceiling—when Lucius saw and heard something sufficiently startling.

In the half dusk of the landing below them, he saw the door of one of those empty rooms which Lucille had declared to be locked opened—ever so little way—and then close again quickly but softly, as if shut by a careful hand. He distinctly saw the opening of the door; he distinctly heard the noise of the lock.

"Lucille," he said, in an eager whisper, "you are wrong. There is some one in that room—the door exactly facing these stairs. Look."

He pointed, and her eyes followed the direction of his finger. For a few moments she stood speechless, looking at the door with a scared face, and leaning upon him more heavily than before.

"Nonsense, Lucius! you are dreaming. There can be no one there; the rooms are empty; the doors are all locked."

"I am quite certain, dearest," he answered, still in a whisper, and with his eyes fixed upon the door that had opened, or seemed to open. Don't be alarmed; it may be nothing wrong. It is only old Wincher prowling about this floor, I daresay, just as he prowls about the down-stair rooms. I'll soon settle the question."

"I tell you, Lucius, the doors are all locked,"

cried Lucille, in a tone far louder than her wonted accents—a voice of anger or of alarm.

Lucius tried the door with a strong and resolute hand—shook it till it rattled in its time-worn frame. It was locked certainly, but locked on the inside. The keyhole was darkened by the key.

"It is locked on the inside, Lucille," he said; "there is some one in the room."

"Impossible! Who should be there? No one ever comes up to this floor. There is nothing here to tempt a thief, even if thieves ever troubled this house. I keep the keys of all these rooms. Pray come down-stairs, Lucius. My grandfather will be impatient about these papers."

"How can that door be locked on the inside if you have the key of it?"

"I have not the key of that particular door. There is a door of communication between that room and the next, and I keep one locked on the inside. It saves trouble."

"Let me see the two rooms; let me satisfy myself that all is right," he said, stretching out his hand for the keys.

of his life? Or could he mistrust the judgment of one whose calm good sense was one of the finest qualities of her character?

Had it not been for Homer Sivewright's alarms, that strange story of noises heard in the dead of the night, he could have dismissed the subject far more easily. As it was he lingered for some time; listening for the faintest sound that might reach his ear, and hearing nothing but the scamper of a mouse within the wainscot, the fall of a dead fly from a spider's web.

He found Lucille waiting for him in the gallery below, very pale, and with an anxious look, which she tried to disguise by a faint smile.

"Well," she asked, "you have kept me waiting long enough. Are you satisfied now?"

"Not quite. I should very much like to have the keys of yonder rooms. Such a house as this is, the very place to harbor a scoundrel."

The girl shuddered, and drew back from him with a look of absolute terror.

"Don't be frightened, Lucille. I daresay there is no one there; a strange cat, perhaps,



"CONFIDENCE."

"I will not encourage any such folly," answered Lucille, moving quickly towards the staircase leading to the lower story. "Pray bring those papers, Lucius. I could not have imagined you were so weak-minded?"

"Do you call it weak-minded to trust my own senses? And I have a special reason for being anxious upon this point."

She was on her way down-stairs by this time. Lucius lingered to listen at the door, but no sound came from the room within. He tried all the doors one after another: they were all locked. He knelt down to look through the keyholes. Two of the rooms were darkened by closed shutters, only faint gleams of light filtering through the narrow spaces between them. One was lighter, and in this he saw an old bedstead and some pieces of dilapidated furniture. It looked a room which might have been used at some time for a servant's bedroom.

After all, that opening and shutting of the door had been, perhaps, a delusion of his overwrought mind. Only a few minutes before there had been a noise like the spinning of a hundred Manchester cotton-wools in his brain. The horror and anguish of that hideous discovery in the loft still possessed him as he descended those stairs: what more likely than that, in such a moment, his bewildered senses should cheat him?

And could he doubt Lucille's positive assurance as to the condition of those rooms? Could he doubt her whose truth was the sheet-anchor

at most; yet cats don't open and shut locked doors. There may be no one; only in such a house as this, so poorly occupied by two helpless women and two feeble old men, one cannot be so careful. Some notion of your grandfather's wealth may have arisen in the neighborhood. His secluded eccentric life might suggest the idea that he is a miser, and that there is hoarded money in this house. I want to be assured that all is secure, Lucille; that no evil-intentioned wretch has crept under this roof. Give me your keys and let me search those rooms. It will be only the work of a few minutes."

"Forgive me for refusing you anything, Lucius, she said; "but my grandfather told me never to part with those keys to any one. You know his curious fancies. I promised to obey him, and cannot break my promise."

"Not even for me?"

"Not even for you. Especially as there is not the slightest cause for this fancy of yours. That staircase door is kept always locked, the keys locked up in my grandfather's desk. It is impossible that any living creature could go up to that attic floor without my knowledge. Nor is it possible for any one to get into the lower part of the house unseen by me or by the Winchers."

"I don't know about that. It would be easy enough for any one to get from the wharf to the garden. There are half-a-dozen doors at the back of the house, and more than a dozen places

in the stables and outhouses where a man might lie hidden, so as to slip into the house at any convenient moment."

"You forget how carefully Mrs. Wincher turns all the keys, and draws all the bolts at sunset. Pray be reasonable, Lucius, and dismiss this absurd fancy from your mind. And instead of standing here with that solemn face, arguing about impossibilities, come to my grandfather's room with those papers."

Never had she spoken more lightly. Yet a minute ago her cheek had been blanched, her eye dilated by terror. Lucius gave a little sigh of resignation and followed her along the corridor. After all it was a very foolish thing that he had been doing; raising fears, perhaps groundless, in the breast of this lonely girl. Her grandfather had studiously refrained from any mention of his suspicions lest he should alarm Lucille. Yet he, the lover, had been so reckless as to suggest terrors which might give a new pain to her solitary life.

Mr. Sivewright received the bundle of papers with evident satisfaction, and turned them over with hands that trembled in their eagerness.

"Documents of no moment," he said; "a few old records of my business life, put away in that disused piece of lumber up-stairs, and half forgotten. But when, at the gates of the tomb, a man reviews his past life, it is a satisfaction to be able to try back by means of such poor memorials as these. They serve to kindle the lamp of memory. He sees his own words, his own thoughts, written years ago, and they seem to him like the thoughts and words of the dead."

He thrust the papers into a deep drawer in the little table at his bed-side.

"You have been better to-day, I hope?" said Lucius, when Lucille had left the room in quest of the old man's evening meal.

"No; not so well. I don't like your new medicine."

"My new medicine is the medicine you have been taking for the last five weeks—a mild tonic, as I told you. But you are tired of it, perhaps. I'll change it for something else."

"Do. I don't like its effect upon me."

And then he went on to state symptoms which seemed to indicate increasing weakness, nausea, lassitudes, and that unreasonable depression of mind which was worse than any physical ailment.

"It seems like a forecast of death," he said despondently.

Lucius was puzzled. For some time past there had been a marked improvement, but this change boded no good. The thread of life had been worn thin; any violent shock might snap it. But Lucius had believed that in supreme rest and tranquillity lay the means of recovery. He could not vanquish organic disease; but he might fortify even a worn-out constitution, and make the sands of life drop somewhat slower through the glass.

To the patient he made light of these symptoms, urged upon Mr. Sivewright the necessity of taking things quietly, and above all of not allowing himself to be worried by any groundless apprehensions.

"If you have a notion that there is anything going wrong in this house, let me sleep here for a few nights," said Lucius. "There are empty rooms enough to provide lodgings for a small regiment. Let me take up my quarters in one of them—the room next this one, for instance. I am a light sleeper; and if there should be foul play of any kind, my ear would be quick to discover the intruder."

"No," said the old man. "It is kind of you to propose such a thing, but there's no necessity. It was a nervous fancy of mine; I daresay, the effect of physical weakness. Say no more about it."

Lucius went home earlier than usual that evening, much to the amazement of Mrs. Wincher, who begged him to give them a "toon" before departing. This request, however, was not supported by Lucille. She seemed anxious and restless, and Lucius blamed his own folly as the cause of her anxiety.

"My dearest," he said tenderly, retaining the icy-cold hand which she gave him at parting, "I fear those foolish suspicions of mine about the rooms up-stairs have alarmed you. I was an idiot to suggest any such idea. But if you have the faintest apprehension of danger, let me stay here to-night and keep guard. I will stay in this room, and make my round of the house at intervals all through the night. Let me stay, Lucille. Who has so good a right to protect you?"

"O no, no," she cried quickly, "on no account. There is not the slightest occasion for such a thing. Why should you suppose that I am frightened, Lucius?"

"Your own manner makes me think so, darling. This poor little hand is unnaturally cold, and you have not been yourself all this evening."

"I am a little anxious about my grandfather."

"All the more reason that I should remain here to-night. I can stay in his room if you like, so as to be on the spot should he by any chance grow suddenly worse, though I have no fear of that."

"If you do not fear that, there is nothing to fear. As to your stopping here, that is out of the question. I know my grandfather wouldn't like it."

Lucius could hardly dispute this, as Mr. Sivewright had actually refused his offer to remain. There was nothing for him to do but to take a lingering farewell of his betrothed and depart, sorely troubled in spirit.

He was not sorry when the old iron gate closed

upon him. Never till to-night had he left the house that sheltered Lucille without a pang of regret, but to-night, after the discovery of the portrait in the loft, he felt in sore need of solitude. He wanted to look his situation straight in the face. This man—the man his hand had slain—was the father of his promised wife. The hand that he was to give to Lucille at the altar was red with her father's blood. Most hideous thought, most bitter fatality which had brought that villain across his path out yonder in the trackless forest. Was this world so narrow that they two must needs meet—that no hand save his could be found to wreak God's vengeance upon that relentless savage?

Her father! And in the veins of that gentle girl, who in her innocent youth had seemed to him fair and pure as the snowdrop unfolding its white bells from out a bed of newly-fallen snow, there ran the blood of that most consummate scoundrel! All his old theories of hereditary instincts were at fault here. From such a sire so sinless a child. The thought tortured him. Could he ever look in that sweet pensive face again without conjuring up the vision of that wild haggard visage he had seen in the red glare of the pine-logs, those hungry savage eyes, gleaming athwart elf-locks of snaky hair, and trying to find a strange distorted likeness between the two faces?

And this horrible secret he must keep to his dying day. One hint, one whisper of the fatal truth, and he and Lucille would be sundered for ever. Did honor counsel him to confess that deed of his in the forest? Did honor oblige him to tell this girl that all her hopes of reunion with the father she had loved so dearly were vain; that his hand had made a sudden end of that guilty life, cut off the sinner in his prime, without pause for repentance, without time even to utter one wild appealing cry to God? True that the man had declared himself an infidel, that he was steeped to the lips in brutish selfishness, grovelling, debased, hardened in sin. Who should dare say that repentance was impossible, even for a wretch so fallen? Far as the east is from the west are the ways of God from the ways of man, and in His infinite power there are infinite possibilities of mercy and forgiveness.

"I was mad when I did that deed," thought Lucius; "mad as in the time that followed when I lay raging in a brain fever; yet, Heaven knows, I believed it was but stern justice. There was no tribunal yonder. We were alone in the wilderness with God, and I deemed I did but right when I made myself the instrument of His wrath. All that followed that awful moment is darkness. Schanck never spoke of that villain's fate, nor did I. We instinctively avoided the hideous subject, and conspired to hide the secret from Geoffrey. Poor, good-natured old Schanck! I wonder whether he had found his way back from the Californian gold-fields. If I had leisure for such a pilgrimage, I'd go down to Battersea and inquire. I doubt if a rough life among gold-diggers would suit him long."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

GEOFFREY SETS FORTH ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Not very far did Geoffrey Hossack proceed upon his Norwegian voyage. At Hull he discovered that—perusing his Bradshaw with a too rapid eye, and a somewhat disordered mind—he had mistaken the date of the steamer's departure, and must waste two entire days in that prosperous port, waiting for the setting forth of that vessel. Even one day in that thriving commercial town seem to him intolerably long. He perambulated King William street and the market place, Silver street, Myton gate, Low gate, and all the gates; stared at the shipping; lost his way amidst a tangle of quays and dry docks and wet docks and store-houses and moving bridges, which were for ever barring his way; and exhausted the resources of King's-ton-upon-Hull in the space of two hours. Then, in very despair, he took rail to Withernsea, and dined at a gigantic hotel, where he was ministered by a London waiter, who provided him with the regulation fried sole and cutlet. Having washed down these two familiar viands with two or three glasses of Manzanilla, he set forth in quest of a solitude where to smoke his cigar in communion with that vast waste of waters—the German Ocean—and his own melancholy thoughts.

Go to Norway; try to forget Janet Bertram amid those lonely hills, with no companions save the two faithful lads who carried his guns, and performed the rough services of life under canvas. Try to forget her amidst the solitude of nature. Vain hope! An hour's contemplation of the subject on that lonely shore, remote from the parade and the band and all the holiday traffic of a popular watering-place, was enough to make a complete change in Mr. Hossack's plans. He would not go to Norway. Why should he put the North Sea betwixt himself and his love? Who could tell what might happen in his absence, what changes might come to pass involving all his chance of happiness, and he, dolt and idiot, too far away to profit by their arising? No; he would stay in England, within easy reach of his idol. He might write her a little line now and then, just to remind her of the mere fact of his existence, to acquaint her with his abode. She had not forbidden him to write. Decidedly, come what might, he would not leave England. This decision arrived at, after profound cogitation, he breathed more freely. He had been

going forth like an exile—unwillingly, as if driven by Nemesis, that golden-winged goddess who made such hard lines for the Greeks. He had set forth in the first rush and tumult of his passion, deeming that in the wild land of the Norse gods he might stifle his grief, find a cure for his pain. He felt more at ease now that he had allowed love to gain the victory. "It is a privilege to inhabit the same country with her," he told himself.

Not long did he linger in Hull. The next morning's express carried him back to London, uncertain as to how he should spend his autumn; willing even to let his guns rust so that he need not drag himself too far away from Janet Bertram.

"Janet," he repeated fondly, "a prettier name than Jane; a name made for simplest tenderest verse. I'm glad I have learnt to think of her by it."

There were letters waiting for him at the Cosmopolitan, forwarded from Stillmington, nearly a week's arrears of correspondence; letters feminine and masculine; the feminine bulky, ornamental as to stationery, be-monogrammed, redolent of rose and frangipani; cousinly epistles which Geoffrey contemplated with a good-humored indifference.

He looked over the addresses eagerly, lest by remotest chance—yet he could not even hope so much—there might be a letter from Mrs. Bertram. There was none; so he opened one of the cousinly epistles with a profound sigh.

Hilliersdon Grange, Hampshire. Her county and his. He and Lucius had been born and bred not twenty miles apart, and had begun their friendship at Winchester School. Mr. Hossack's people lived in Hampshire, and were unwearied in their invitations, yet he had not revisited his native place since his return from America.

"I can't understand why a man should be attached to the place where he was born," he used to say in his careless fashion, when his cousins reproached him for his indifference. "In the first place, he doesn't remember the event of his birth; and in the second, the locality is generally the most uninteresting in creation. Wherever you go, abroad or at home, you are always dragged about to see where particular people were born. You knock your head against the low timbers of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford; you go puffing and panting up to a garret to see where Charlotte Corday was first admitted to the mystery of existence; you drive through Devonshire lanes to stare at the comfortable homestead where Raleigh blinked at life's morning sun; you mount a hill to admire the native home of Fox; you go stages out of your way to contemplate the cradle of Robespierre. And when all that a man loved in his boyhood lies under the sod, and the home where he spent his early life seems sadder than a mausoleum, people wonder that he is not fond of those empty rooms, haunted by the phantoms of his cherished dead, simply because he happened to be born in one of them."

Thus had argued Mr. Hossack when his cousins reproached him with his want of natural affection for the scenes of his childhood. Hilliersdon Grange was within three miles of Homefield, where Geoffrey's father had ended his quiet easy life about ten years ago, leaving his only son orphaned but remarkably well provided for. Squire Hossack of Hilliersdon was the elder scion of the house, and owner of a handsome landed estate, and the Miss Hossacks were those two musically-disposed damsels whom it had been Geoffrey's privilege to escort to various concerts and matinees in the winter season last past.

The letter now in Geoffrey's hand was from the elder of the damsels, a hard-riding good-looking young woman of four-and-twenty, who kept her father's house, domineered over her younger sister, and would have had no objection to rule Geoffrey himself with the same wise sway.

Her letter was a new version of the oft-repeated invitation. "Papa says, if you don't come to us this year, he shall think you have quite left off caring about your relations, and declares he really never will ask you again," she wrote. "It does seem a hard thing, Geoffrey, that you can go scampering about the world, and living in all manner of outlandish places—Stillmington, for instance, a place which I am told is abominably dull out of the hunting season, and what you can have found to amuse you all these months in such a place, I can't imagine—and yet, excuse the long parenthesis, can't find time to come to us, although we are so near dear old Homefield, which you must be attached to, unless your heart is much harder than I should like to suppose it. The birds are plentiful this year, and papa says there are some snipe in Dingley marsh. Altogether he can promise you excellent sport after the first of next month. "But if you want to oblige Dessie and me" (Dessie was the pet name for the younger sister) "you will come at once, as there are to be grand doings at Lady Baker's next week; and eligible young men being scarce in this neighborhood, we should be glad to have a good-looking cousin to show off. Papa escorts us, of course; but as he always contrives to get among the old fogies who talk vestry and quarter-sessions, we might almost as well be without any escort at all. So do come, dear Geoff, and oblige your always affectionate cousin,

ARABELLA HOSSACK.

"P. S. Please call at Cranmer's, Chapel's, and a few more of the publishers before you come, and bring us down anything they may recommend. Dessie wants some really good songs, and I should like Kalbé's fantasias upon the newest Christie melodies."

Lady Baker! Lucius had named this lady as one of the friends of his sister Janet. One of the county people whose notice had been the beginning of the luckless end. It was at Lady Baker's house that Janet had met the villain who blighted her life.

This was an all-sufficient reason for Geoffrey's prompt acceptance of his cousin's invitation. It was only by trying back that he could hope to discover the after-life of that man who had called himself Vandeleur, only by going back to the very beginning that he could hope to track his footsteps to the end. Could he but discover this scoundrel's later history, and find it end in a grave, what happiness to carry the tidings of his discovery to Janet, and to say, "I bring you your freedom, and I claim you for my own by the right of my devotion."

He knew that she loved him. That knowledge had power to comfort and sustain him in all the pain of severance. True love can live for a long time upon much nutriment as this.

He wrote to Lucius, telling him where he was going, and what he was going to do, and started for Hilliersdon next morning, laden with a portmanteau full of new music for those daughters of the horseleech, his cousins.

Hilliersdon Grange was, as Geoffrey confessed with the placid approval of a kinsman, "not half a bad place" for an autumn visit. The house was old, a fine specimen of domestic architecture in the days of the Plantagenets. It had been expanded for the accommodation of modern inhabitants; a ponderous and somewhat ugly annex added in the reign of William the Third; a cloister turned into a drawing-room at a later period—as the requirements of civilised people grew larger. The fine old hall, with its open roof, once the living room of the mansion, was now an armory, in which coats of mail that had been hacked at Cressy, and banners that had been battered in the Wars of the Roses, were diversified by antlers and stuffed stags' heads, the trophies of the hunting field in more pacific ages.

The Hossacks were not an old family. They could not boast that identity with the soil which constitutes rural aristocracy. They had been bankers and merchants in days gone by, and their younger sons were still merchants, or bankers. Geoffrey's father, and the Squire of Hilliersdon Grange, had succeeded, one to the patrimonial acres, acquired a few years before his birth; the other to the counting-house and its wider chances of wealth. Both had flourished. The Squire living the life that pleased him best, farming a little in a vastly expensive and vastly unprofitable fashion, writing a letter to the *Times* now and then about the prospects of the harvest, or the last discovery in drainage; quoting Virgil, sitting at Quarter Sessions, and laying down parochial law in the vestry. The younger making most money, working like a slave, and fancying himself the happier and the better man, to be cut off in his prime by heart-disease or an over-worked brain, while Geoffrey was a lad at Winchester.

The grounds at Hilliersdon were simply perfection. The place was on the borders of the New Forest, and the Squire's woods melted into that wider domain. A river wound through the park, and washed the border of the lawn; a river which had shadowy-willow-sheltered bends where trout abounded, rushy coves and creeks famous for jack, a river delightful alike to the angler and to the landscape painter.

"Not half a bad place," said Geoffrey, yawning and looking at his watch on the first morning after his arrival; "and now, having breakfasted copiously upon your rustic fare—that dish of trout was worthy of mention—may I ask what I am to do with myself? Just eleven! Three hours before luncheon! Do you do anything in the country when you are not eating or sleeping?"

This inquiry was addressed to the sisters Belle and Dessie—good-looking young women, with fine complexions, ample figures, clear blue eyes, light brown hair, and the freshest of morning toilets, in the nautical style, as appropriate to the New Forest—wide blue collars flung back from full white throats, straw hats bound with blue ribbon, blue serge petticoats festooned coquettishly above neat little buckled shoes, with honest thick soles for country walking; altogether damsels of the order called "nice," but in no manner calculated to storm the heart of man. Good daughters in the present, good wives and mothers, perhaps, in the future, but not of the syren tribe.

"I don't suppose Hilliersdon is much duller than the backwoods of America," said Arabella, the elder, with some dignity; "and I hope you may be able to endure life until the 1st with no better company than ours."

"My dearest Belle, if you and Dessie had paid me a visit on the banks of the Saskatchewan, I should have been unutterably happy, especially if you had brought me a monstrous hamper of provisions—a ham like that on the sideboard, for instance, and a few trifles of that kind. I didn't mean to depreciate Hilliersdon; the hour and a half or so I spent at the breakfast-table was positively delightful. But the worst of what people call the pleasures of the table is that other pleasures are apt to pall after them. Perhaps the best thing you could do would be to drive me gently about the park in your pony carriage till luncheon. I don't suppose for a moment that I shall be able to eat any more at two o'clock; but the country air might have a revivifying effect. One can but try."

"You lazy creature! drive you, indeed!" exclaimed Dessie. "We'll do nothing of the kind. But I tell you what you shall do if you like—and

of course you will like—you shall be coxswain of our boat, and we'll row you up to Dingley."

"You'll row! Ah, I might have known those blue collars meant something rather desperate. However, steering a wherry isn't very hard labor, as the burlesque writers would say. I'll come."

The sisters were delighted. A good-looking cousin to damsels in a rural district is like waterbrooks in a dry land. In their inmost hearts those girls doated on Geoffrey, but artfully suppressed all outward token of their affection. Many a night during the comfortable leisure of hairbrushing, when their joint maid had been dismissed, had the sisters speculated on their cousin's life, wondering why he didn't marry, and whom he would marry, and so on, while the real consideration paramount in the mind of each was, "Will he ever marry me?"

They strolled across the lawn (not a croquet-lawn of a hundred and twenty feet square, after the manner of "grounds" attached to suburban villas, but a wide undulating tract of green-sward, shaded here and there by groups of picturesque old trees—maple, and copper beech, and ancient hawthorns on which the berries were beginning to redden) to a Swiss boathouse with pointed gables and thatched roof, ample room for a small flotilla below, and a spacious apartment above—a room which, had young men been dominant in the household, would doubtless have been made a tabagie or a billiard room, but which, under the gentler sway of young ladies, had been gaily decorated with light chintz draperies and fern-cases, innocent-looking maple furniture, easels, piano and work-baskets.

That winding river reminded Geoffrey of the weedy ditch at Stillmington on which he had spent many a summer afternoon, pulling against the stream with disconsolate soul, thinking of his implacable divinity. He gave a little sigh, and wished himself back in Stillmington, to suffer, to hope, to despair—only to be near her.

"I must make an end of this misery somehow," he said to himself, "or it will make an end of me."

"What a sigh, Geoffrey! and how thoughtful you look!" exclaimed Dessie, who had an eye which marked every mote in the summer air.

"Did I sigh? I may have eaten too much breakfast. Look here, Belle, you'd better let me take a pair of sculls, while you and Dessie dabble your hands in the water and talk of your last new dresses. It isn't good for a man to be idle. I shall have the blues if I sit still and steer."

"What a strange young man you are!" said Belle. "Ten minutes ago you wanted to loll in a pony carriage and be driven."

"I might have endured the pony carriage, but I can't endure the boat unless I make myself useful. There, get in please, and sit down. What a toymshop affair! and as broad as a house! I should think the man who built Noah's Ark must have designed this."

The sisters exclaimed against this disparagement of their bark, which a local boatbuilder had adorned with all the devices of his art—cane-work, French polish and gilding, crimson damask-covered cushions, dainty cord and tassels—all those prettinesses which the Oxonian, who likes a boat that he can carry on his shoulder, regards with ineffable contempt.

The stream was narrow but deep, and pleasantly sheltered, for the most part, with leafage; the banks clothed in beauty, and every turn of the river disclosing a new picture. But neither Geoffrey nor his companions gave themselves up to the contemplation of this ever-varying landscape. Geoffrey was thinking of Janet Bertram; the girls were wondering what made their cousin so silent.

Mr. Hossack plied his sculls bravely, despite his abstraction, but even in this was actuated less by a desire to gratify his cousins than by a lurking design of his own. Six miles up this very stream lay Mardenholme, the mansion of the Bakers. Lady Baker's famous gardens—gardens on which fabulous sums were annually lavished—sloped down to the brim of this very river. If he could row as far as Mardenholme, he might induce the girls to take him in to Lady Baker forthwith, and thus obtain the interview he sighed for. To hope for any confidential conversation with that lady on the day of a great garden-party seemed foolish in the extreme; nor did it suit his impatient spirit to wait for the garden-party.

"When are these high jinks to come off at Lady Baker's?" he inquired presently, in his most careless manner.

"Next Tuesday. It's to be such a swell party, Geoffrey—croquet, archery, a morning concert, a German tea, *tableaux vivants*, and a dance to wind up with."

"*Tableaux vivants*," said Geoffrey, with a yawn; "the Black Brunswicker and the Huguenot, I suppose. We have grown too aesthetic for the Juan and Haydee, and the Conrad and Medora of one's youth. Are you two girls in the *tableaux*?"

"O, dear no," exclaimed Belle, bridling a little. "We are not Lady Baker's last mania. We are neighbors, and she always invites us to her large parties, and begs us to come to her Thursday kettledrum, and is monstrously civil; but in her heart of hearts she doesn't care a straw for humdrum country people. She is always taking up artists, and singers, and actors, and that kind of thing. She positively raves about them."

"Ah, I've heard something of that before," said Geoffrey thoughtfully. "She's musical, isn't she?"

"She calls herself so—goes to the opera perpetually in the London season, and patronises

all the local concerts, and gives musical parties—but nobody ever heard her play a note."

"Ah," said Geoffrey, "I don't think people with a real passion for music often do play. They look upon the murder of a fine sonata as a species of sacrilege, and wisely refrain from the attempt, but not the deed, which would confound them. By the way, talking of Lady Baker and her protégées, did you ever hear of a Miss Davoren, who was rather distinguished for her fine voice, some years ago?"

"Yes," said Belle, "I have heard Lady Baker rave about her. She was a clergyman's daughter at Wykhamston. And I have heard other people say that Lady Baker's patronage was the ruin of her, and that she left her home in some impetuous way, and broke her poor old father's heart."

This little speech sent a sharp pang through another heart, the honest heart that loved the sinner so fondly.

"You never saw Miss Davoren, I suppose?"

"Of course not," cried Belle. "It was before I was out of the nursery."

"But you were not blind when you were in the nursery; you might have seen her."

"How could I? I didn't go to Lady Baker's parties before I was out, and papa doesn't know many Wykhamston people."

"Ah, then you never saw her. Was she pretty?"

"Perfectly lovely, according to Lady Baker; but all her geese are swans."

"She must be a very enthusiastic person, this Lady Baker. Do you think you could contrive to introduce me to her?—to-day, for instance. I can row you down to Mardenholme by one o'clock."

"It would be so dreadfully early to call," said Dessie, "and then, you see, Thursday is her day. But she's always extremely kind, and pretends to be glad to see us."

"Why pretends? She may be really glad."

"O, she can't possibly be glad to see half the county. There must be some make-believe about it. However, she gives herself up to that kind of thing, and I suppose she likes it. What do you think, Belle? Would it look very strange if we called with Geoffrey?"

"We might risk it," said Belle, anxious to indulge the prodigal. "She's almost sure to be somewhere about the garden if she's at home. She spends half her life in the garden at Mardenholme."

"Then we'll find her, and approach her without ceremony," replied Geoffrey, sending the boat swiftly through the clear water. "Depend upon it, I shall make myself at home."

"We're not afraid of that," answered Belle, who was much more disturbed by the idea that this free-and-easy young man might forget the homage due to a county magnate such as Lady Baker—a personage who in a manner made the rain or fine weather in this part of Hampshire. A summer which her ladyship did not spend at Mardenholme was regarded as a bad and profitless season. People almost wondered that the harvest was not backward, that the clover and vetches came up pretty much the same as usual.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Why don't I marry? Not because I have any dislike to womankind; far from it. The generality of women are harmless enough; so are cats when kept in good humor, otherwise they scratch and do other unamiable things. But a 'harmless' woman is generally a weak and silly one. There is a second lot—years and years past the 'sweet seventeen,' though they would not own it—who look at life from a standpoint near the frigid zone. It is with them a speculation, and man the investment—prize or blank? They rush at him, and, like a kite upon his prey, 'swoop,' would carry him off by main force if they could. Of course there are exceptions—the medium between these two extremes; and when you get a woman with a mind—they are scarce in the London world—you have found the exception. A village maid, brown as a shock of wheat, may have a mind; the other, face, figure, air of *ton*—nothing more. You may laugh, boys, but the arrow is not feathered yet that will fly to this heart's white."

"How about the 'little Rose'?" several voices cried in chorus, but our host instantly replied, "Hush!" It was a sore point with him.

I have mentioned our host, and now let me introduce him. He was a man of powerful build, fair, with a profusion of whiskers; with beard and moustache, but soft light eyes which had nothing in them of his character, reckless and jovial. His words, given above, sprang from some banter of ours (there were half a dozen of us who had sat after the late dinner in the largest room of the smallest but "snuggest" shooting-box the whole country of Yorkshire contained) upon his apparent dislike of the gentle sex. Perhaps we felt curious to know why or how it was that a man with an unencumbered estate, a congenial temper, and a good country gentleman, albeit on the verge of forty, should not long ago have been—what shall I say? in love? no, that is not always the case, but—married.

Few of us it may be thought, though we knew at the time that we called out, "How about little Rose?" that there was a sore point there. It was only an imperfect knowledge of the story of a young lady with whom our friend's name had been mixed up; but such of us as were best acquainted with it remembered hearing of a little governess in a private family where he visited (where it was thought the daughter of the house,

a coarse showy girl, was the attraction) being found hearing a declaration of love from our friend. The story went, too, that the governess, upon whom they had some claim of relationship, was sent from the house upon a planned tale of her lover's falsehood, and kept abroad till she shortly died in that belief; that the memory of the girl so remained with him, that he quickly left London, and was lost to the manœuvring mammas who sought his unencumbered estate rather than himself for their daughters "on show."

"You want to know," he said, not answering the question put to him—"you want to know why I didn't get married at the 'usual' time? Well, I don't mind telling you. Fill your glasses, then; and, Con, don't you play the 'nurse,' with the bottle."

According to our host's invitation, we filled our glasses, and, drawing up, sat pulling at our cigars in silence, awaiting his story. He sat looking at the fire for a few moments, and then broke out—

"It's not much I have to tell, but as some of you have not yet passed your flitting days, it may teach you a lesson. I was only twenty-two when it happened, and I believe that is about the 'usual' time when matrimony is perpetrated. Then my father was alive, and I only plain 'Mr.' I had never lived much down here, but had passed a good deal of my time in London, and I had some old friends of my college days, and old boaters on the Cam, with whom the days passed more pleasantly than profitably, I'm afraid. At any rate, I will own that, after a longer and more varied season than usual, I felt that my constitution would be better for a change. So I determined to get away and take the Cumberland lakes for a time. My most intimate friend at that time, Jack—well, never mind his other name, as some of you may know him, though now he's settled down to what he calls a 'quiet life.' That means a small house, his 'suburban retreat,' and a large family of babies crying about the place from morning till night. Jack, I say, had given me a little commission to execute for him in the neighborhood, and it was to serve as an introduction for me to some lady of his acquaintance who, he said, possessed two charming daughters. A man has a liking for female society at that time of life, and the ladies being so promisingly described, I determined, on my arrival in Cumberland, to take advantage of my commission. I did so, and I found the ladies—one dark and the other fair—the young ladies I speak of now. My good friend Jack had informed me that they were of very opposite temperaments. Elsie, very fair, was gay and fond of bold and 'merry' natures, he said; Dell, short for Dellah, was dark and retiring almost to bashfulness and timidity. He had joked me by saying that he expected to see me come back tied to one of their apron-strings; and that if I were anything of a reasonable being, these were two girls who ought to satisfy any expectation. Of course my commission procured me an invitation to the house, and my stay in Cumberland began most favorably. Alas for promises! I had determined to act upon Jack's suggestion, and render myself agreeable to the young ladies according to their respective inclinations. When, therefore, I met them, I conversed with the fair one in a light, lively, and, as I believed, happy manner. I even forced myself into a merry mood, made jokes, and laughed at them myself, but strange to say she answered scarcely a word to all my observations. I sought all opportunities before a week was out of catching her unexpectedly. In the recess of the windows of the dining-room I hemmed her in, and made laughing love. I praised the color of her hair and eyes, and vowed I'd steal a ringlet of her hair, if only to kiss it. If she ran away, I thought it was coyness, and followed her. Mind you, I was only acting upon my friend's suggestion, and was not rude beyond what youth will excuse. With the sister, Dell—dear, dark-eyed Dell—I played a wholly diverse character. Books—Scott, Byron, and Shakespeare; music—the oratorios, Schubert, and the works of the 'severe' school of composition formed the groundwork of my discourses, and I never attempted to catch her alone. Being by chance one day wandering across I met the fair Elsie coming across a hill towards me. Two were company, I thought, and here was a happy occasion for rehearsing my part. Laughingly I talked to her—I cannot say with her—joked and told stories. I spoke of my travels, my college life, my London experiences—such as a lady might hear—and enlarged upon them almost to the verge of romance—to interest and amuse her. Not a word above a monosyllable could I extract in reply. Shall I admit that I had begun to feel what slow work it was, when luckily the sister, also a lonely pilgrim upon the hills, appeared before us? Although it placed me between two fires, I felt it almost as a relief. I could play the two parts at once, I thought, and so we proceeded on—a trio. The knowledge that I was the protector of a young lady who had been described to me as retiring and almost timid disposition made me doubly anxious to prove my powers of entertaining. I continued to rattle on in slight asides to Elsie, and then at length, after we had gone some way in silence, I turned to Dellah with some remark about the weather. Don't laugh, it's a very genuine remark. She turned away, and I thought she laughed, but perhaps it was only thought, for when she replied it was a quiet acquiescence in my observation. Then again there was a silence, and an aside with fair Elsie, who blushed and turned away. A few minutes afterwards I ventured to inquire of Dellah, with all the modesty I could, if she were fond of poetry. Did she like Shelley? She stared at me

so hard that, for a moment, I thought she believed I was questioning her as to her knowledge. I was about to relieve her from what I thought an embarrassment, when she said,

"No; he's so jolly dry!"

"You know the old saying, 'You might knock me down with a feather?' It was true in my case. The manner was so rough and boisterous that I was quite taken by surprise. I ventured, however, another remark, and said mildly, that I thought Cumberland very charming, and that I should not mind living there for ever. And then, turning to Elsie, whispered softly, 'With you.'

"Dellah answered quickly, 'It may be charming, but it's awfully slow, and you'd soon get the odd notion out of your head.'

"And then she ran on telling me of the opera she was 'dying' to hear; the fêtes at the Horticultural Gardens she 'planned' to go to; and the thousand and one of the 'jolly old London lions'—so she expressed it—she had heard of by name and knew nothing of by acquaintance. Elsie said never a word, and the retiring timid Dell rattled on as if she possessed a fund of information of London life, and only longed to be in it. My mind was in a whirl of confusion. I remembered my friend's description, 'fair and good-humored, with high spirits; dark, modest, and full of quiet grace.' I had made no mistake.

"That walk did not finish as it had begun at our meeting. In almost total silence we approached the house. Dellah had long since stopped the flow of her talk—I cannot say 'our conversation,' for in truth she had quite run me off—and I could but think. The sisters exchanged looks, and Elsie shrank away from me, as though I were mad and would bite, when I addressed her. The other only curled her lip in scorn, or turned away her head if I only looked towards her; and at last I was so annoyed with them—not with myself—that I could scarcely tell what I did say. I knew I was right, however, and was glad when we reached their home. 'Would I not stay?' said mamma—the girls had fled away the moment we arrived, and as soon as they had crossed the hall I could have sworn I heard a laugh. 'No,' I thanked the good lady, and said that I had a particular engagement a few miles away which would detain me two days. After that, I hoped to be permitted to call on her and her charming daughters again. With this lame excuse, I left for two days. Is it necessary to tell you how I employed them? I was wild, excited, mad, because in youth one feels these little crosses somewhat more keenly than we do in later life, when we know that 'man is not perfect, nor woman neither.' I had determined, then, to write to Jack, 'my good friend,' and tell him of the extraordinary conduct—as I thought—of his 'modest and retiring' maiden, and request any explanation it might be in his power to afford. I caught that night's post, and throughout the next day remained indoors, fearing, if I stirred out, to meet the family I had made my friends, and so give the lie to my assertion that I had gone away for two days. Those two days, shall I ever forget them, the fever of excitement I was in, and the monotony of the self-constituted imprisonment? The post on the second morning brought me a letter from Jack. I tore it open, and dashed at once into the pith of his epistle. How I cursed his circumlocution! Instead of at once replying to the question I had put to him, he commenced with a roundabout story of his acquaintanceship with the ladies of the 'Lodge.' I skipped the pages one, two, and three, and determined to know the worst, I went at once to the last break of his letter. This was it:

"After all, you see, I had a jolly time of it, and, between the two, wonder that I came away faithful to the little woman soon to be my wife. If I did make a little error in my description of them, set it down to the dangerous fascination they exercised over me. It is Elsie who is fair and retiring; Dell who is dark and dashing, that's the word." He would have written before, he said, had he thought it of any consequence, but he apologized for what he considered after all only a 'little mistake.'

"Need I tell you how, when I called at the 'Lodge' again, I was met with the reply to my inquiry, 'not at home,' though I thought the servant was a long time gone to give my name, and I felt almost certain, as I left the house, that I saw a dark-haired, girlish, laughing face peeping from behind the drawn curtains? Need I tell you how, in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of spirit, I rushed up to town only to find the story known to all my set, and going the round of the 'social and literary' club I had joined shortly before? Unnecessary, too, to tell you how I experienced to the full extent the capacity of the club for 'sociability,' in an immense amount of 'chaff' upon the matter from the members; and how thenceforward, till I left the place, I was known as the 'bashful man.' Suffice it that I had at first a decided inclination to sacrifice my 'dear friend' Jack upon the altar of my wounded pride, by horse-whipping him for putting the story about. But at length I rushed away from London (our host did not say how long after, and he skipped the story of little Rose, which was the real cause of his leaving, with something like a break in his voice), and joined the governor—poor old man—down here, and went in for life as a 'country squire,' with an interest in turnip-crops, pigs, and sheep, and the education of the crow-boy. So you see why I didn't marry at the 'usual' time for such chances—some I know would call them the 'mischances'—of life; and I'm not likely to play the fool now."

"And now," he concluded, rising, "there's the billiard-room open for those who like to knock the balls about; there are candles for those who like their beds—I'm one of them. Six in the morning—early tub—and I'll promise you a good find and a couple of fox-tails before dinner, my boys."

BEETHOVEN IN A RAGE.

Danhausen, the painter, says the *Gazette Musicale*, was an ardent admirer of Beethoven, whom he had met at many musical gatherings in Vienna. It is undoubtedly true that Beethoven was rather brusque, and carefully avoided forming any new acquaintanceships whatever; but Danhauser's frank and affable manners produced a very favorable impression on him. After the two had met accidentally several times, Danhausen thought he should like to take a cast of Beethoven's face, so as to preserve for posterity a faithful portrait of the great man. He mentioned his wish on the first opportunity, but Beethoven, under various pretexts, endeavored to avoid compliance, confessing that he had not the slightest wish to see his features reproduced, and that he was too impatient to endure being posed. Danhauser, however, was not so easily beaten. He never ceased vaunting the merit of a model taken from nature, adding that Beethoven owed it to posterity to hand down to them his features. Danhauser pleaded his cause so warmly that at length Beethoven yielded, and a day was named for him to go to the painter's house. At that time, besides painting in oil, Danhauser devoted a great deal of his time to modelling and inventing patterns for a manufactory of furniture and wood carvings, left him by his father. Joseph Danhauser, a pupil of Peter Craft, was born at Vienna in 1805. His *genre* pictures are very valuable. Among the best known are "The Oculist," "The Opening of the Will," and the "Covenant Supper." Many of his historical pictures, also, are worthy of notice, especially the picture which adorns the high altar of the Cathedral, Eylan, and which represents Saint Stephen and Abraham repudiating Agar. Danhauser died in the flower of his age in 1844, in his father's house, Vienna. His name has been given to the street he inhabited. At last the day so impatiently expected arrived; the day on which Beethoven had promised to go to Danhauser's. The great composer kept his word, and was most warmly welcomed. After a short conversation, Danhauser prepared for work. Beethoven, after taking off his coat and cravat, was requested to sit down.

"You will not hurt my head, I suppose," observed the composer, somewhat dismayed at the preparations he beheld going on.

Danhauser tranquillized him, promising to be quick, so as to abbreviate as much as possible anything there might be disagreeable in the process. To Beethoven's great astonishment, the painter began by pasting thin strips of paper on his eyebrows, and by smearing with an oleaginous liquid all parts of his face where there was any hair. He then asked the composer to put a small tube in his mouth and to shut his eyes. The reader must know that, to take the cast of the face, the latter is covered with tepid plaster in a liquid state. The plaster soon gets cold and forms a solid mass, which, when removed, contains the exact lineaments of the countenance. The operation is exceedingly disagreeable for those subjected to it, because the face is, so to speak, walled in, and the patient can breathe only through a small pipe or tube. Besides this, the plaster, when drying, produces a very painful sensation, to say nothing of the fact that it is no easy matter to remove the cast, because every hair adhering to the plaster is productive of pain. Danhauser had purposely omitted explaining all this to the composer, for fear the latter should refuse to undergo the ordeal. Beethoven had, therefore, not the slightest suspicion of what was in store for him. After the first few passes of the brush employed to lay on the plaster, he seemed alarmed, but when the plaster in drying began swelling and irritating his cheeks and forehead he was both horrified and greatly enraged. He bounded to his feet with his hair on end, and, while endeavoring to get rid of the plaster, exclaimed:

"You are an impostor, a scoundrel, a monster!"

"For heaven's sake, Capellmeister!" stammered Danhauser, confused and stupefied. But Beethoven, without allowing him to conclude his sentence, vociferated furiously:

"Blackguard—cannibal!"

"Permit me to—," said Danhauser.

"Keep off," roared Beethoven. Flinging his chair away, and catching up his cloak and hat, he rushed towards the door. Danhauser ran after him to offer his excuses. But Beethoven, without deigning to hear a word, exclaimed: "Be off, you villain, knave, assassin. Take care never to come near me, for I will strangle you!"

Having uttered these words, he went out, swearing and stamping his feet, with his face all plastered over with white, like that of the spectre in "Don Juan." The door was slammed violently to, and the unfortunate painter, terrified and confused, could still hear at a distance the maledictions and imprecations which the composer was hurling at his head. After that Beethoven would not hold the slightest communication with Danhauser. Every time he saw him, even at a distance, he flew into a passion, and avoided him as much as he could.

It was not long, however, before Danhauser did take a cast of the great composer's face, after all, and that, too, without exciting any outburst of rage. Beethoven was dead!

THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

He took her by the hand
(Dainty little hand!)
Gently took and led her
Where the priest did stand
Smilingly to wed her.
"Come, little bride,
Tripping by my side
With little steps of little feet,
Each a footfall soft and sweet,
Come, little bride!"

He takes her by the hand
(Fervid little hand!)
Warm y takes and leads her
Where the dancers stand;
And he whispers, "Sweet,
Your fairy, twinkling feet
(The tiniest feet in France)
Were made to dance, dance;
Yet you must not glide too far,
Lest these eyes should miss their star.
But, little one,
Hold Arnaud by the hand
Till the merry dance is done!"

He clasped her by the hand
(Palpitating little hand!)
Warmly clasped and led
Where the wedding-feast was spread,
And—"Eat and drink," he said,
"Little one!
But beware the spiky bone,
Lest your tender, pretty throat,
Made to set love sighs afloat
(Love sighs alone)
Be choked, my little one,
Ere the wedding-feast is done."

THE CORNELIAN CROSS.

Henri Cardone was a young French artist of distinguished promise. His neat little domicile and his pretty little wife were situated in suburban Paris. One early twilight in the month of November of a certain year, as he entered his home, his wife ran unto him, twined her plump arms around his neck, bestowing a full-blown kiss upon his responsive lips, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, dear Henri! I had such a surprise, such an odd visitor, this afternoon—a man with such an inexplicable fancy that I have been waiting these two hours for your arrival, and (bestowing a playful cut thereupon) your ears."

"And now the ears have arrived, Irene, my pet, I suppose your merry tongue will rattle away as merrily as a newly wound up music-box; and, once started, I shall not have an opportunity to put in a word in edgewise until you have run down completely. But for this odd man, with the 'inexplicable fancy,' did he, utterly regardless of the divine set of his trousers, go down upon his knees and beseech of you to fly with him to some intensely rural retreat, there to subsist upon moonshine and his adorable moustache? and was it his inexplicable fancy that you should be accompanied by such little articles of available value as this poor hovel might afford? Or, was he a wandering gypsy lord, who predicted that you were to be the queen of all proud France, instead of one humble French heart? And did he, just as he was about to surround your august brow with the imperial crown, suddenly suspend it and take an inexplicable fancy to have his dirty palm first crossed with a crown of silver? Or—"

"There, there! do cease your badinage," said the pouting little woman, stamping her small foot impatiently. "You will never become wise listening to your own wisdom."

"Nor weary listening to yours, my charming sage," laughed the voluble Henri, caressing her soft, brown hair fondly; "proceed—from this on I am all ears."

"Well, let all ears listen. At about three o'clock this afternoon, as I was sitting intent upon taking the finest possible stitches in the border of your finest cambric, there came a sharp rap at the door. I hastened, opened it, and found myself face to face with a man of middle age, who bowed politely and inquired if he were on the Rue de Châlons. On being informed that he was, he thanked me very affably, and was turning to depart, when his glance chanced to fall on this little cornelian cross, which then, as now, was lying on my bosom. He stopped short, gazed fixedly at it, as though it possessed some terrible fascination, turned first deadly pale, then livid purple, and in a hoarse whisper articulated, "Madame, you will pardon me, for it is no ordinary curiosity that prompts the question, but might I venture to ask how that trinket," pointing a trembling finger at the cross, "came into your possession—under what circumstances?"

"Well," queried Henri, in a low, interested tone, "what was my little wife's reply?"

"Your little wife told him, sir, that it was a present from her husband, and that it had been in her possession about four years. How or where you came by it she could not inform him."

"Then he departed satisfied?"

"No, indeed."

"Then he inquired your name, age, and profession?"

"Did he? I do not know whether I ought to feel complimented or insulted. Did you tell him?"

"I hesitated, and told him."

"I wish you had not hesitated, and then not told him. Something of moment may grow out of this curiosity. But it will not matter. Then he departed?"

"No; he stood absorbed in troubled thought a few minutes, as though weighing a deep problem, and then said he had taken a very strong and eccentric fancy for the trinket, and asked if I would for a consideration part with it."

"What was your reply to that very business-like proposition?"

"That, being your gift, I should much dislike to let it go."

"Of course, that must have terminated the conversation?"

"Of course, but it did not, though. It became more pointed than ever."

"Well, well! I am eager to learn the dénouement," said Henri. "If I am not at fault in my surmises, something will shortly grow out of this affair that will interest a very wide circle. Give the exact particulars. What followed?"

"He said he was wealthy and did not value money; and that he had conceived so strong a desire to possess the cross that, wild as the offer might seem, he would not demur at giving 500 francs for it."

"Five hundred, *parbleu!* The trinket is not worth five francs," said Henri, excitedly. "The man is either a lunatic, or—what I more strongly suspect him of being—"

"And what is it possible for you to more strongly suspect him of being?" asked Irene.

"A knave. In spite of the temptation of 500 francs, I see that you still bear your cross. I would have thought the sum sufficient to buy up all the crosses in Paris and all the women bearing them. How did you resist?"

"If I did not know that your slurs on women and their crosses was said more in humor than earnest, I would not give you another word of information. I told the man that the offer was very tempting, but that I could not possibly accept it without first consulting you."

"That was a noble reply, my darling," said Henri, drawing his wife close to his side, bestowing on her an eloquent glance and several passionate kisses. "Hereafter I shall consider you cheap at 50,000 francs! What said old Cæsar to your princely answer?"

"At first he appeared much discomfited. After a little while he said he was going into the country to remain one week; and that he should return this way, and if I in the meantime gained your consent, or concluded to part with the cross without it, he would make good his offer. And then he bade me a reluctant adieu, went to a postchaise that was waiting in the road, got in, and drove off rapidly towards Châlons."

"Finally we have the finale of act first," remarked Henri.

"Yes," responded the musing Irene, toying with the object of so much discussion, which was in reality of but little intrinsic value, and in no way remarkable, excepting from peculiarity of design. It was a clear, blood-red cornelian, the upright pillar being carved to represent a descending arrow, and the cross-piece a very fine wrought imitation of wings.

"What attraction this bit of a thing, which, aside from being your gift, I look upon as worthless, can possess to render it so exceedingly precious in the eyes of the man, I cannot conjecture," continued the puzzled Irene.

"I think I can furnish you with a clue to the foundation of this extraordinary interest," remarked Henri. "What was his general appearance? That of a coarse, ill-bred person?"

"Far from that. He was quite tall, not over fleshy, well dressed, and refined in bearing and language. His countenance betokened much illness at some early period of his life or excessive dissipation."

"Should your cross-enamored friend call again, and I should much doubt if he ever does," said Henri, "I am the person with whom he must deal."

"Why with you, dear?"

"Because the object he is so extremely solicitous to possess has a mysterious history known only to myself."

"And that mysterious history affords a key to the solution to the seemingly insane offer of five hundred francs?"

"I apprehend such to be the case. That cross was found upon a spot where, but a few days previously, a revolting crime had been committed. If my surmises are correct, this strange visitor of yours was the author of that crime. If so, he and that little red cross are old acquaintances, and he would readily sacrifice several times the five hundred francs to compass its possession. Why? Simply because so long as it remains in other hands than his own he is painfully conscious that it may at any moment rise up in judgment before him, and cost him the more irreparable sacrifice of his head."

"And you have kept all this dark mystery from me," complained Irene.

"I have, but will no longer. I have refrained from making you acquainted with the circumstances that are associated with my finding of the trinket solely from a fear that the knowledge might cause you to conceive a morbid dislike to it, and, as it is really a pretty toy, I like to see you wear it. And now for this mystery. Do you remember the murder, six years ago, of a nobleman of the name of Comte de St. Armande, in the Rue de Germaine?"

"Distinctly," replied Irene. "All Paris was thrilled with horror at the mystery and barbarity of the deed. But what association can this cross have with that dreadful affair?"

"An intimate association. That cross was found by me on the identical spot of the murder, and but three days thereafter. If you will

closely examine the underside, you will observe a small drilled hole at each extremity. From these holes I am led to infer that it was worn by the unknown assassin on the fatal night in question; and, furthermore, that it was wrenched from its fastenings by the hand of the hapless Comte in his dying struggle. Naturally enough, it fell to the ground, where I found it. To this day, in spite of the superhuman efforts of a by no means obtuse police, and the incentive of a fabulous reward by St. Armande's relatives, the murderer is undiscovered, and the whole affair remains wrapped in impenetrable mystery. After all these unrevealing years, who shall say that the coming together of this man and the cross is not the working of a retributive fate? Too well does the man of inexplicable fancy know that the little toy he so covets is adequate, if it falls into proper hands, to work the crucifixion of a great scoundrel."

"Ugh!" shuddered Irene. "And I have been wearing it all this time, and admiring it, totally ignorant of the terrible thing its blood-red color symbolizes. I can wear it no longer. Here"—removing from her shrinking neck the chain by which it was suspended—"I can now view it with no interest but that of horror;" and she threw it nervously into her husband's lap.

"Why, you little fool!" said Henri, in a jocose tone, "are you going to faint? Are you afraid of it? It is just as harmless as it has been, and just as beautiful."

"I do not fear it," replied Irene, shrinking from it nevertheless. "I am not that foolish. But I dislike it. Its innocent charm is lost to me forever."

After weighing the matter in his mind until the specified week had nearly elapsed, Henri suddenly and sagely concluded to acquaint the prefect of police with the story, in all its bearings, real and suppository. That astute functionary proved to be an intelligent and patient listener, and was only too glad to detail two subordinates to further a scheme that promised to result in the capture of the criminal who had succeeded in eluding the pursuit of justice. Early in the morning, a week subsequent to that on which the supposed criminal had called, Henri sent Irene into the city on a visit to some friends, with the explicit understanding that she was not to return until he came for her. Following close upon her departure came the arrival of two gendarmes, who were forthwith sequestered in her but recently vacated bedroom, thereafter to make their rentrée in the presence of the expected stranger or not, as he might or might not criminate himself in the interview with Henri.

All the preliminary arrangements being made, our artist detective took station at the window, and behind his closed blinds became a silent and intense watcher. He was a brave and resolute man; but, nevertheless, an occasional misgiving flitted across his mind. The business before him was of an extremely hazardous nature. Should the supposed criminal prove to be the real criminal, his capture would be likely to be preluded by a desperate encounter. If fatal, fatal to whom? Henri thought of this, then of Irene, and closed his eyes. Then he thought of the gendarmes in the next room, set his jaw, and in a spirit of grim defiance put all forebodings from him. Morning, noon, afternoon, and evening glided by with no result. Henri yawned with impatient discouragement. His allies took to the bedroom floor and cards early in the forenoon. Hitherto the excitement of the chase had been quite strong enough to sustain Henri's interest. But now would the expected not come at all? A brief consultation with the officers, who adhered to the opinion that he would come, and was much more likely to make his appearance within the next three hours than at any time previous during the day, especially if he was a rogue, and was not lacking in the usual cunning, braced Henri somewhat. Lighting a lamp for the quondam gamblers, and another for himself, he camped on the lounge. He had got but comfortably settled, however, before a resonant rap on the street door brought him instantly to his feet. Schooling himself to meet the probable crisis with quiet deliberation, he leisurely proceeded to the door and opened it. From Irene's graphic description he had no difficulty in recognizing his visitor. The expected man of the cross stood before him. His heart gave a tremendous thump against his breast; but his voice was steady and quiet as he saluted the stranger with "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, sir," responded the visitor, scrutinizing Henri closely. "Is the madame at home?"

"My wife is the lady to whom you refer, I presume," said Henri. "She is absent on a visit. Can I serve you in anything? Will you not step in, sir?" Henri threw the door wide open, that the man might see the room was vacant, and hence might imagine him to be alone.

"Ah! you are the husband of the lady," remarked the stranger, who after peering in, walked in.

"I have the honor. Pray be seated."

"I will trespass upon your hospitality but for a few moments—"

"No trespass, I assure you. Solitude is not the best of companions."

Without removing his hat the stranger took the proffered chair. "I can tarry but a short time," he said. "Probably your wife has informed you of an offer she received a week ago, for a small, fanciful cornelian cross that was in her possession?"

"Yes, she did mention the matter to me, and we both wondered at the strange fancy of the man, and the excessive price he offered."

"Well," replied the stranger, with a forced

laugh, the fancy cannot matter to you; and as for the price, if you get it that ought to satisfy you on that point. I am the man, and I renew the offer."

"Ah! No, certainly not, the fancy does not concern us, of course not," and Henri eyed the stranger keenly. "But you know that unusual occurrences will set the least curious of mortals to surmising."

"Of course, of course," said the stranger, with strong symptoms of uneasiness. "People cannot help thinking; that's what brains were made for. But to the point; if you still possess the cross, and will exchange it for the sum offered, that sum is yours. Your answer? You will excuse my seeming abruptness; I am pressed for time, and cannot dally."

"I hold you perfectly excusable," said Henri, drawing the coveted cross from his pocket, and noting the eager flashing of the stranger's eyes as his gaze fell upon it. Deciding to thrust the probe home at once, he deliberately added: "Another reason, other than want of time, may exist to occasion your abruptness, my friend—want of confidence."

"What, sir!" ejaculated the man, starting up in a threatening, apprehensive way. "What do you mean by that remark?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," replied Henri, fully convinced that he was on the right track, as his visitor indecisively sat down again. "Listen, and I will tell you what I mean. This cross, for which you have taken such an inexplicable fancy, came into my possession under very peculiar circumstances—circumstances that invest it with extraordinary interest." Pausing a moment to note the effect of his language, Henri fixed his burning eyes on the stranger's. Speaking slowly and emphasizing every word, he continued: "I found this cross on the 3rd of January, 1849, on the Rue de Germaine, on the very spot on which, three days previous, the Comte de St. Armande had been brutally murdered."

During the utterance of the concluding words of the above, the countenance of the listening man underwent a most appalling change, and dreadful, indeed, as though he had heard the sentence for his immediate execution pronounced. The muscles of his face twitched convulsively, his under jaw fell, and his eyes rolled in their sockets as though following the fantastic evolution of some horrid goblin.

The paroxysm lasted but for a moment. By a superhuman effort of the will he recovered his faculties, sprang to his feet, and, with the demoniac fury of a madman, dashed at Henri, hissing between his teeth, "D— you, the telling of the tale is your death-knell!"

Just as his muscular hand closed oppressively on Henri's throat, he was violently jerked backwards, and found himself in the tenacious clutches of the two gendarmes.

"So ho! my fine fellow!" ejaculated one of the officers. "We are altogether too deeply concerned for the future welfare of your soul to permit you to perpetrate such a crime. You have done bad enough already to bring you to hanging, and that is quite sufficient for our purpose."

The foiled villain glared sullenly from one to the other, and made no attempt to escape.

"That is right," remarked the officer who spoke before. "Take it easy—shows you to be a philosopher and a man of common sense."

The prisoner coolly folded his arms and stood silent.

Monsieur Cardone," continued the officer, "as your friend seems to take kindly our interference with this little plan to provide you a long resting spell, you will, with equal disinterestedness, provide us with a rope for his benefit? Unluckily, we came from town and forgot to bring the professional bracelets—an unintentional oversight which, I assure you," addressing the prisoner, "we deplore even more than you yourself can. In fact, we were rather uncertain of having the pleasure of your company on our return."

"Nor will you have that pleasure," growled the hitherto quiescent captive, suddenly striking out with his two powerful arms, upsetting the officers, kicking over the table on which stood the light, and leaping out into the darkness. As he vanished, a bullet hissed by either ear, but he escaped unhurt.

The report of the pistols hurried Henri back into the room from which he had gone in quest of a rope.

"Quick!" exclaimed one of the officers. "The devil has outwitted and escaped us. We must be after him at once. It is Leone Breme, the most reckless and ferocious of the many cut-throats who infested Paris six years ago. He most miraculously disappeared about the time of the St. Armande murder, and the department had given him up for dead. We must not allow him to have his length for a moment. Our first move is to lodge information at the three heads of the police department. He is an astute dog of infinite resource, and the whole force on the scent will hardly suffice to capture him."

Breme was eventually taken. But so adroit was he that he contrived to remain at large for three weeks after his escape from Cardone's house. He was tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of St. Armande, several witnesses being found who identified him, and testified to having seen fastened to his shirt-bosom on the evening of the murder that blood-red cross.

Irene was never afterward persuaded to wear it. It hung over the mantel in her boudoir, and many an evening visitor has been beguiled by Henri with a recital of the two dark episodes in its history which are embodied in this story, and have departed shuddering at its sanguinary hue.

The Ladies' Page.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Of avocations there are plenty which men have monopolized which they ought to be willing to exchange for the stolen property they now hold in their hands. Now, would it be asking too much of some of the lubberly, hulking fellows, whose sinews and muscles are evidently intended for deeds of prowess and strength, to give up jumping counters, doing up parcels in red tape, directing wrappers, and keeping petty accounts, and to turn their attention to some of the avocations for which women are unfitted and where their strength can find full play? There are many employments to which women are not physically adapted, such as hunting, trapping, mining, manning ships, running heavy machinery, farm labor, engineering and the outdoor exposure of expressmen, conductors, hackmen, drivers, and a long list quite enough to afford men an opportunity to earn the lion's share of wages and keep matters generally under their control. The statistics of New England show that, while men have devised methods for adding to their wealth, the ability of women to earn a livelihood has diminished. In Massachusetts alone, there are 50,000 more women than men. The men have rushed to large cities for clerkships or to do the counter-jumping, while ship building languishes and the famous New England sailors are fast becoming a myth. In the meantime, the daughters of the land remain at home, and, having been deprived of the industries alluded to above, as their numbers increase and the ways and means of earning a support decreases, it is natural that they should feel some anxiety for the future, and demand a larger share in the distribution of work. There are more than 2,000,000 women in England who are compelled to support themselves, and with them the struggle is one of life or worse than death. Miss Faithful established the Victoria Magazine in order to advocate the cause of women and give employment to her own sex in the composing room. Her example has been followed in the States, and in many printing offices women are now constantly engaged. This is one step gained, but it ought to be followed by many others.

It has been said that females are more conscientious and naturally honest than men. If that be true, in times like the present, when charges of bribery, defalcation and dishonesty are freely made on all sides, it would be well worth the experiment to see if the gentler sex are better able to resist the temptations that always surround positions of responsibility and trust.

One thing is very certain, the right of woman to her share of honest labor cannot be put down by ridicule or despotism. It must be met fairly and squarely; and now that it has been taken up by our most refined and gifted women, we trust that the question will soon be settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

HOW TO REPROVE CHILDREN.

When you are obliged to reprove your child don't do it before strangers. If you only think about it a little, I am sure you never will. That constant "Don't, Johnny," "You mustn't, Johnny," "What do you suppose the lady will think of you now?" "You know I never allow that," "Behave yourself or leave the table." And all the rest of it, is not only likely to make the guest uncomfortable and to give her a very poor idea of your management of your children, but it actually weakens your power over the children themselves, and robs them of one very strong motive for good behavior.

Children are as vain as we are. They wish strangers to think well of them, and when they have been told before any one with whom they are not well acquainted that they are naughty, or idle, or careless their vanity is terribly wounded. They have their self-respect, and such mortifications of it are very dangerous. Fancy how you would feel if all the important personages on earth had been told before your face that you were a very bad and contemptible sort of person! Would not a certain recklessness take possession of you? Would you not say to yourself, what can it matter what I do now? It is much more likely that a child will be thus affected. Praise spurs it on to increased effort. Blame takes away its power of doing well when it is administered before visitors.

In matters of deportment instruct a child privately. Say, before Mrs. Smith comes to tea, that Mrs. Smith must be helped to the preserves first. Or afterwards tell the child that it was a breach of good manners to scream—"Give me some strawberries," immediately on sitting down to table; but don't treat Mrs. Smith to a scene, for the child's sake as well as her own.

If you have not taught the little thing to do what is proper and elegant when you are alone, you cannot expect it to be endowed with a sudden fine sense of what is right because strangers are present. Remember that lapses in deportment are caused by careless training; and remember, too, that the habit of baring all the little soul's weak points before strangers will make it love you less, and do away with that sweet confidence which should exist between parents and children.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—Heat the cider until it boils, pour into bottles, which have been previously heated to prevent cracking. Cork tight, and seal immediately, as in canning fruit. The cider will keep unchanged for years.

FASHION NOTES.

VELVET POLONAISES.—Velvet polonaises are exceedingly plain. They are half-fitted to be worn with a belt, are very long, and double-breasted, having two rows of large jet buttons down the front. These buttons are formed of tiny cut beads. Other polonaises have a band of silver-fox fur extending down each front and a moiré bow at the end. The bottom of the garment is not trimmed. The skirt is of silk, with velvet flounces.

WOOLEN SUITS.—It is among the woollen suits preferred for the promenade that the long-promised simplicity is seen. They are made with short train skirts, on which are five or six bias bands of silk double-stitched by machine, a long over-skirt buttoned on one side diagonally, or else lapped in front, with cut steel buttons down each front breadth. The simple double-breasted basque has a standing Medici collar and two rows of buttons. This style is excellent for inexpensive diagonals, serge, and de bège costumes of dark maroon, blue, and myrtle green, and also for black alpaca. Burnished blue steel buttons and new black wooden buttons are also used for such suits.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR THE HAIR.—There is a change in the way of arranging the hair. The new caprice for day wear is to have a single narrow châteline braid down the back of the head, with two or three soft puffs on top and a crown braid in front. The back hair is still combed up from the nape of the neck, but its bare look is taken away by the châteline braid. Thick ropes made of two tresses of hair twisted together are even newer than plaits for the crown and châteline. The part above the forehead is shown, and the front hair, in long rippling waves, natural and careless-looking, is laid smoothly and low on the temples, instead of being drawn backward and covered up with frizzes and fringe. Smooth hair is once more in fashion, though ladies destroy the beauty of the new arrangement by pasting the waves flatly with pomade or bandoline. Side locks in front of the ear are worn turned toward the face instead of backward.

BONNET STYLE.—Colored velvet bonnets are chosen to match the suit with which they are worn, or else to brighten black costumes. Perhaps the choicest among these are the dark blue-grays, called granite and slate color. Sage and plum color have had their day, and are to be superseded by ultra-marine blue and myrtle green. Corbeau and Havana—dark ashes-of-roses with pink tinges—are choice selections; olives and bronze are still in favor. The velvet is placed smoothly on the frame, showing its graceful outlines. The trimming is soft twilled silk of a lighter shade mingled with velvet like the bonnet, laid in easy, careless folds around the crown almost to its top; erect loops with a cut steel dagger thrust through them are placed slightly to the left of the front—the right side has only the folds for trimming—and a short broad end, or else nothing in the way of streamers, is behind; two demi-long plumes spring out of the erect loops and curl over the crown to the back; the coronet brim is covered with velvet, corded or piped on the edge with the trimming silk, and there is a soft velvet puff, or else two silk puffs, placed as face trimming under the brim; a flower cluster, usually three half-blown roses, is placed low on the left of the back, or a smaller cluster nestles on the indentation of the brim. Strings of gros grain ribbon are added or omitted as the wearer pleases. This general description serves for the greater number of bonnets, and is more useful to the reader than detailed descriptions of separate bonnets. On many bonnets flowers are omitted altogether, and feathers are used in abundance. Steel must be very carefully used, or else it is vulgar—besides, it is very expensive. Judicious milliner prohibit it except in the slender long dagger of finely cut diamond-steel, and a single light row of beading around dark velvet coronets. Lace is very little used.

Black bonnets will continue as popular as ever. For the demi-season they are made of dotted Brussels net laid plainly on the frame; this net is only visible on the top of the crown, as its sides are nearly covered with loosely folded twilled silk and velvet of any of the dark stylish colors, while the brim is of black velvet. Two plumes and a face trimming of silk puffs, a roll, or else an ostrich feather band, complete this stylish bonnet. Later in the season black felt bonnets will be offered, and when trimmed entirely with black these are so handsome that they rival velvet. Black velvet bonnets are enlivened by strings of double-faced ribbon, blue or rose on one side and black on the other, with a box-pleated ruffle of this ribbon under the coronet, and black plumes tipped with a color. Most distinguished-looking bonnets are all black, mingled silk and velvet, with black plumes, a steel dagger, or else a jet ornament, and dark grosgrain roses.

A TOUCHING STORY is told of a lady in Copenhagen who was stricken with a sudden falling of the optic nerve, and was told that she could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. She returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to any one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had her two little children, attired in their brightest costumes, brought before her; and so, with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for the great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TENDER CRUST.—If the crust to bread is wished tender, as soon as the loaves are taken out of the oven, wrap them in a wet cloth wrung from cold water, and then over it a dry towel.

TO KEEP PARSLEY FOR WINTER USE.—To have nice bright crisp parsley for winter use, spread thinly, as soon as gathered, on a piece of paper, place in a cool oven, leaving the doors open; as soon as dry, powder it and put into a bottle, corking to exclude the air. Other herbs will discolor if dried in this manner.

GREASE UPON FLOORS.—An Iowa lady writes that grease can be readily drawn from an unpainted kitchen floor by putting plenty of soft-soap on the grease spot and rubbing a hot flat-iron through the soap. One application generally suffices; sometimes another is required, washing thoroughly afterwards.

CRACKED WHEAT, which can be had at almost any grocery, boiled in a small quantity of water for five or six hours, and eaten cold with cream, makes a very healthful and palatable article for tea or breakfast. Nothing can be better for children; but it must be well cooked, adding water as it seems inclined to stick.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy (small grained) add a tablespoonful melted butter and stir hard, moistening, by degrees, with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and lastly, a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten eggs, then cracker-crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

BROILED TOMATOES.—Cut medium-sized tomatoes in halves and put them upon a gridiron cut surface down. When the surface appears to be somewhat cooked turn them, and finish the cooking with the skin towards the fire. The cooking should be gradual, so as not to break the skin. Place upon a dish, and put a little salt and a lump of butter upon each half and serve quite hot.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut your apples in quarters (do not pare or core them), dip each quarter into clear water, and put them into a jar to cook in the oven until quite tender; then strain the juice as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full pure flavor of apples heightened by the cores having been left in, and not spoiled by the objectionable addition of lemon peel and juice.

LEEK SOUP.—Take half a dozen leeks, clean and wash them well, cut them in thin slices, and put them in a pan with a little butter; fry until they begin to color, when add three pints of broth or water, and simmer for an hour. While it is simmering, cut two or three slices of bread indice, and put it in the soup tureen; salt to taste, and turn the leeks and broth over the bread; cover the tureen for two or three minutes, and serve. Leek is the most demulcent of edible vegetables.

TO WASH UNVARNISHED PAINT.—Save your tea leaves for a few days, then steep in a tin pail or pan for half an hour, strain through the sieve, and use the tea to wash all varnished paint. It requires very little "elbow polish," as the tea acts as a strong detergent cleaning the paint from all impurities, and making the varnish equal to new. It cleans window sashes, and oil-cloths, indeed any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it.

COOKING "GREENS."—Every housewife thinks she can cook "greens." It is the simplest of all dishes, and yet in most cases they are not well served, for much depends upon the manner in which they are boiled. The water should be soft, and a tablespoonful of salt, added to a large sized pot of it, which should be boiling hot when the greens are thrown in; and then it should be kept on the boiling gallop, but uncovered until they are done, which can be told by their sinking to the bottom of the pot, and they should be skimmed out as quickly as possible, into a colander, so that all the water will run out. Press them with a small plate, then turn upon a platter, add a large piece of butter, and cut up fine. Serve while smoking hot.

CHICKEN PIE.—Select young tender chickens, joint them, and season with salt and pepper, sprinkling a small quantity over each piece, and arrange in a deep earthen pie-dish, leaving out the breast bone, the back, and the neck. Cut fine a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and put over the pieces of chicken enough cold water to nearly cover the meat, and about a pint of oysters, without any of the liquor—allowing one pint of oysters to two medium-sized chickens. A little pounded mace is a great improvement. Make the crust not quite so rich as for ordinary pies, and when placing over the dish lay a fold in the middle, that there may be room for the meat and liquor in cooking. Bake in a moderate oven about two hours. Should the crust be too brown before the meat is done, leave the oven doors open.

TEA RELISH.—Select a piece of beef from the forequarter weighing about twenty pounds; place it in a stone pot, or a perfectly sweet and clean butter firkin; over three tablespoonfuls of saltpetre pour one gallon of hot water, and when cold pour over the beef. The weather should be cold, and in this mixture the meat should remain forty-eight hours. At the end of two days take out the meat, and into the pores and crevices rub well one pint of fine salt and one tea-cupful of molasses; next morning turn the meat over, and rub again, turning and rubbing in salt and molasses for six mornings. The

next day place the meat in boiling water, and when it commences to boil, skim carefully, and put the vessel on the back part of the stove, where it will simmer, but not boil. Allow half an hour to each pound of meat in cooking it; when done, remove, and press with a heavy weight. Slice, when cold, in very thin slices. If the twenty pounds is too large, cut in two or three pieces, but have the proportion the same of saltpetre, etc.

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man, or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements—all but incidental. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night, and we are very sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary except with regret, of breakfasting, dining, and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once very day, and we put them on once every day. We do this, at nearly the same hour, in daily succession; and when health is good, the pleasure derived from so doing is not marred by the repetition of the act; for the ebbing and the flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any effort on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable; when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when warm, the cool air is agreeable; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fireside is delicious. The excitement is kept up by contrasts; and we purchase the enjoyment of one feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, and youth, and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty that prepares us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of the heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

"Why is it," says a recent writer, "that gentlemen have such a poor opinion of young girls? As a rule they think them pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many silly speeches as they like, and repay them with interest! And who is to blame for this? Surely not the girls! Their highest ambition in life is to be loved by, and become the wife of, some good man. And, say what you will, I protest that it is a noble one! With this end in view, it is of course natural that a desire to please these 'lords of creation' should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If she cannot do it by fair means, she will do it by foul! If men will not be interested when you talk sense to them, what can you do but resort to nonsense? Men complain that girls never have anything to talk of except their last flirtation, balls, and parties. Yet if they converse with you for an hour on philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last new book, you are bored, call the poor girl who has worried her brain for your entertainment a 'blue stocking'; insist that women were made to please, not to lecture one like a brained professor, and wonder 'what she did it for! Now what is it you men want of us? I venture to say, if you were to lay down your rules, there is not one girl in a thousand but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be! Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could think so much of, if it were not for this or that little fault, tell her so, and if she cares anything for you she will correct it. Your influence over us is greater even than I like to confess, but you use it in the wrong way. Take my advice, and treat women more like human beings than dolls, and I prophesy a speedy change for the better."

ECONOMY.

There are two important things to be accomplished before we can hope to see any radical reform in this matter. The will must be aroused and the desires elevated. If we convince a well-intentioned child that his task is hard and yet possible, we have gone far towards arousing his will to accomplish it. We must thus, in urging economy, admit that it is hard, embarrassing, perplexing, onerous, but never deem it impracticable. A calm survey of one's expenditure compared with income, a wise balancing of ends to be gained, a firm and calm determination to break with custom wherever it is opposed to good sense, and a patience that does not chafe at small and gradual results, will do much towards establishing the principle of economy and securing its benefits. Economy has, however, deeper root than even this—in the desires. It is these, after all, that control our expenditure. As a general thing we may be sure that we shall spend our money for what we most earnestly crave. If it be luxury and display, then it will melt into costly vials and soft clothing, handsome dwellings and rich furniture; if on the other hand our anxieties are for higher enjoyments or benevolent enterprises, our money will flow into those channels. Every one, then, who cherishes in himself or excites in others a purer and nobler desire than existed before, who draws the heart from the cravings of sense to those of soul, from self to others, from what is low, sensual and wrong, to what is pure, elevating and right, in so far establishes on the firmest of all foundations the wisest economy.

AUTUMN.

BY JOHN FRASER.

I love the season when the corn-fields bright
Are reaped and gathered in.
I love the season when the low sun's light
Is sifted pale and thin;
When the clear atmosphere is purely bright,
The turbid heat gone by;
When winds are cool, and the thin curl-clouds
White
Hang deep within the sky.
The laboring circle of the year is done,
And rest is come for all;
The weary winds have well-nigh ceased to run,
The last red leaves to fall.
And when the gentle day is gently sped,
The moon comes out on high,—
Full, silvery, round, a queen in the sun's stead
Within the tranquil sky;
And heaven and earth beneath her glances glow
With magic misty light,
Sh. floats in blue, with Jupiter below,
The planet most of light.
And meditation lifts her grave, bold eye,
And with suspended breath,
Thinks almost to have found in musings high
The keys of life and death.

THE GENERAL'S COUSIN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN UPPER BROOK STREET.

"Mary dear, I have rather a headache; if there is anything you wish to do, I don't think I shall want the carriage to-day."

"Thank you, Georgie, I don't think there is anything."

The speakers were sisters. Mary was Mrs. Green, the widow of Captain Green, who had died out in India; her age was twenty-five. Georgie was Mrs. Royston, the wife of a rising lawyer; she was just a year younger than her sister.

They were seated in the prettily-furnished drawing-room of Mrs. Royston's house in Upper Brook street. The balcony was filled with choice flowers, and abundance of pretty nick-nacks were scattered about the room. They had just come up from luncheon; Mrs. Royston lounged in a low chair, toying with the silky ears of the dearest little Maltese; Mrs. Green walked to the piano and began turning over a portfolio of music.

A profound sigh from Georgie—then a plaintive voice saying dolefully, "O, dear, my head is so bad! would you mind not playing just now, dear?"

"Not at all," and Mrs. Green turned from the piano. "Would you like me to read to you? that soothes you at times, you know."

"Thank you; but I don't think I could quite bear it to-day."

Mrs. Green taking up a piece of fine embroidery, destined to the future adornment of Georgie, seated herself near the window, while Georgie leaned back, with languid half-shut eyes, speaking now and then in low caressing tones to the treasure in her lap. Presently words grew audible, "Did he want fresh air, the poor darling? and were people so unkind to him, when he was not out all day yesterday, too, the dear precious pet! But his mistress loves him, does she not, sweet?" thereupon kisses on the white fluffy face.

A faint tinge of color crept into Mrs. Green's pale cheek, but she did not speak or move.

So, after the kisses, Mrs. Royston resumed, "Do you know, Mary, I really think a drive would do you good; if there is any rain it won't be more than a shower. The horses ought to go out, and James does not much like them being only exercised. I wish you would; and take dear Floss, he is actually pining for it. Will you, dear?"

"Yes, if you like, certainly; I have no objection. It was only that I thought you were offering the carriage for my accommodation."

"Of course, so I was," said the languid lady with much tartness; "but you have such a way of taking things, Mary; really there is no pleasing you nowadays."

"If you will order the carriage, I shall be ready in half an hour," and Mrs. Green rose and put away her embroidery.

"Will you ring, then, before you go? I don't feel fit to move."

Mrs. Green went and rang the bell, and left the room, shutting the door softly; but once outside, her lips quivered and tears rushed into her eyes.

Poor Mrs. Green! No wonder that her face was pale; no wonder that, many a time, remembering the past, hot tears rushed to her eyes as they did now. It was, in truth, a painful change for the woman who had been used to be fêted and admired; to have her comfort cared for, her pleasure studied, by a husband's love. Not that Georgie was actually unkind, but she was lazy, soft and selfish, and found it much easier to consult her own whims and wishes than her sister's.

That same evening they had a dinner-party at the house in Upper Brook street. Mrs. Royston sat at the head of her table beautifully dressed in blue silk and white lace; one dia-

mond star flashed in her golden hair, another glittered on her white bosom; her fair face was flushed and brilliant, her blue eyes sparkling; light talk and laughter bubbled from her rosy lips.

At her right hand was General Woolford. His dark head, sprinkled freely with white, was often bent to catch more easily the words that fell from his hostess' pretty lips, and, almost as often, when he raised it—sometimes even while he was listening—his eyes wandered away to a pale quiet face on the opposite side of the table, half-way down. The General, despite the difference of age and standing, had been an old friend of Captain Green's bachelor days, whose frank open nature had won the elder man's liking to an unusual degree. Mr. Royston had happened to meet him, and, as an old friend of Captain Green's, he had asked him to his house.

In the drawing-room, before the guests arrived, he had said to his wife, "I suppose, as a friend of poor Green's, the General will take in Mary?"

"Certainly not, James," said the pretty Georgie from her throne—I mean her sofa. "What an idea! The General will take me, of course."

"All right, dear; you know best. But I thought—"

"Don't think, dear," and Georgie went up to him, put a hand on his arm, and smiled up into his eyes; "don't think, dear, but tell me if I shall do?"

"Well, yes, Georgie; I think you'll do."

Mr. Royston had been married four years, but in his own drawing-room, before dinner, he stooped and kissed his wife; he couldn't help it. And General Woolford, poor Green's friend, took her in to dinner; while Mr. Stebbing, an exemplary clerk in the Statistical Department—whatever that may be—looked poor Green's widow.

Georgie had the General, his head was bent down to her, his ear was all her own, but, alas! his eyes were not. They wandered most unaccountably to poor Green's widow.

A grave still woman, dressed entirely in black, without a single ornament in dress or hair, who did not smile, and who spoke little. A woman with a face like that of a Greek statue, a clear pale complexion, dark brown hair and sad brown eyes, with very dark fine eyebrows.

This face, so young and so impassive, had a fascination for the General of the nature of that exercised by the changeless, unrevealing features of the Sphinx. He wanted to know what lay beneath, to see it stir, change, soften; grew half absorbed in watching it; so that he had but very moderate attention to give to his legitimate possessor, and came near to smiling acquiescence in the wrong places, and dropping Yes's and No's very much at random.

Alas for General Woolford! A man never knows when he is going to meet his fate. To think that he had lived to the age of fifty, free and untrammelled, only to fall in sudden and utter subjection before the penniless widow of a mere Captain Green! But the fact was so. Even before he spoke to her, all the outworks were taken, and when, in the course of that same evening, she sang him some of the old ballads which his soul loved, the very citadel was stormed, and the enemy lay at her mercy.

Need we say that times changed for Mrs. Green, almost as suddenly and as greatly as though a real good old-fashioned fairy had appeared and touched all the surroundings with her magic wand? It was a true transformation—scene—only the fairy was the world-worn, war-worn General. He sent flowers to Mrs. Green—the richest and rarest—new books, new music, opera-boxes; everything that could with propriety be sent to Mrs. Green. He called on her, arranged for her to go to exhibitions and met her there; worshipped her, in short, in the most open and unblushing manner possible. Of course, Mrs. Green, the fortunate possessor of all these pleasures, became at once quite another person. No one could think of sending her out to air Floss and exercise the horses; no one could think of preventing her from playing, reading, resting, just as fancy prompted. There was a certain flavor of bitterness to her in the changed ways of those about her, arising from the knowledge whence the change came, but there was much more of pleasantness; and in the gratification she received from the General's chivalrous devotion there was no mixture of bitterness at all. There might have been perhaps if she had faced the palpable result; but the change was too wondrous pleasant to be over-closely scanned; she shut her eyes to consequences and let herself drift.

The fairy's wand touched her too, as well as her surroundings. In her cheeks fluttered a faint tint of rose; the knowledge that she was chosen and preferred gave dignity to her presence, lightness to her step, life and fire to the eyes grown heavy with long patience. Even Georgie saw that she was very beautiful, with a beauty beside which her own prettiness waxed wofully insignificant.

For nine bright weeks the pleasant life went on. The General was in no hurry. His heart was too much set upon winning the prize to allow him to throw away his chances by over-haste. He waited patiently; working his way into her life and affections from day to day with much care and skill—the unconscious skill that comes of a warm true love.

But at the last, as so frequently happens with the best-intentioned and most careful of people, he spoke before he had intended it.

Going in one afternoon, he found Mrs. Green at the piano trying over some new music which

he had sent. She rose to meet him with a smile and a blush. Georgie was out. He begged her to go on playing, then to sing for him—to sing his favorite "Auld Robin Grey."

With the General standing by her side she sang it. There was a strange nervous tremor over her. Her voice thrilled, trembled, faltered—then she mastered it, and sang the sad sweet song with a very passion of pathetic meaning.

The last notes died away—her hands lingered on the keys—the tears were in her eyes—her very heart was stirred with tumultuous feeling.

The General stooped beside her—she felt that he was stooping—stooped till his head was as low as her own.

"Mrs. Green," he said, "Mary—shall I do for an 'Auld Robin Grey?' Will you be my wife?"

All the excited feeling seemed to rush back in a tide upon her heart; she turned deadly pale, and put her hands up to her face. "O General!" she said, as if entreating him—and that was all.

His face might have caught the paleness, it changed so quickly. "I have startled you—you did not expect, I see," She had risen. With a manner that had nothing of the lover, he put her arm in his, and led her to a low chair by the window; his help seemed needful, she was so white and trembling.

He got her a scent-bottle and a fan; then stood a little way off looking at her wistfully.

Presently, seeing her color coming back, he spoke.

"You are better now—I will go. I am sorry my abruptness startled you. I had hoped—but I was mistaken. Pray forgive me."

Saying these last words with a weak pained smile, pitiful to see on so strong a face, he went up to her and held out his hand. "Good-bye," he said, with eyes fixed on her face; her eyes were bent on the ground. She gave her hand and let it rest in his; then, as he dropped it, she raised her eyes, and, for one moment, looked into his face. Her lips were quivering, her eyes swimming in tears, but over all there lay a happy smile. "Mary!" cried the General; "why, Mary!" Then he opened his arms, and in another instant she was sobbing on his breast.

General Woolford had been a very patient wooer until his prize was won, but after that there was no patience in him. Reasons, fancies, difficulties of all sorts were swept aside by his impetuous will; settlements were drawn on precisely the same basis as if Mary had been an heiress, and signed; the trousseau was completed with a rapidity perfectly marvellous; and within a month Mrs. Green became Mrs. Woolford.

Georgie and the General arranged the wedding between them. He wished to do all honor to Mary, she was exceedingly fond of gaiety and show; so between them they made a very brilliant affair of it, gathering together choice specimens of cousinhood, friendship, and acquaintance, until the house in Upper Brook-street had much a-do to hold them; and regaling them, when gathered, in a highly sumptuous manner.

But to the General, even though his bride was there, the array of faces round the board was not quite perfect—there was one wanting: his first cousin and heir-presumptive, Charles Woolford, a much younger man than himself, who had come to look upon his heirship as an affair with no sort of presumption about it, as the General more than guessed, and whom he loved well; perhaps because he was to him the representative of family and kindred. He wrote from Paris to offer his congratulations; said how extremely he regretted that imperative engagements would prevent him from being present on so happy an occasion—all that was proper in fact—but he did not come; and the General felt sure it was because he would not. He would have liked a shake of the hand, a word of goodwill, from Charles on the entrance into his new life. He felt it to be unjust that his marriage should be resented; but consoled himself by thinking that he would soon get him down to Woolford, when Mary would speedily reconcile him to the existing state of things.

So the General thought. But then he was a bridegroom. And it was very much his opinion at that time that Mary was capable of reconciling any one to anything! At his age he should have known better, should he not? But age does not always bring wisdom in all things—there are even those who think that sometimes, in some things, it positively brings the reverse.

CHAPTER II.

AT WOOLFORD MANOR.

Woolford Manor is in the Midlands. A large, wide-spreading, gray old house, moss-grown by-places, looking over old-fashioned gardens, with two stone fountains, and a park whose chief feature is a chestnut avenue; situated in a well-wooded fertile country, with a winding river gleaming here and there; rich cornfields too, and many cattle. A place of plenty, ease, and wealth, looking very homelike.

In the early morning of a bright September day, Mrs. Woolford was in the garden cutting roses, when the General came out to her hastily, holding a letter in his hand. Full as he was of the news he had just had, he did not fail to admire the graceful figure and sweet face of his wife, that knew neither care nor trouble now, but turned with a happy smile at his approach. He looked at her very fondly. "Such news this morning, Mary," he said; "I am quite pleased. Charles has written to say that if we can take him in, he will come down on the 10th. I dare say the young rascal is after the partridges quite as much as us; still, I am very pleased to think he is coming."

"Then so am I, Harold."

"Ah, of course, you don't know him. No fear but you will like him though, he is a ladies' favorite"—just a shade of vexation crossed the General's face. "Well, boys will be boys, I suppose," he continued in a light tone. "Most of them, at least—and poor Charlie was very much left to his own devices."

"He is what is called wild, then?"

"They said so, but I don't think it—not now, at any rate. And he is my nearest relation, you know, Mary."

"Then he is sure of my welcome," and Mary smiled at her husband, "even if he is the wildest of the wild."

"Pooh, nonsense! nothing of the sort. I should not have said anything to you—don't know how I came to do it."

"Because, very properly, you say everything to me, do you not?"

"Almost, I think. O darling, how did I live so long without you!" After which General and Mrs. Woolford took a stroll round the garden together, and then went in to breakfast.

Some days later, in the afternoon, Mrs. Woolford was sitting alone in the library. She had walked with the General in the morning, and after luncheon he had ridden to Green Bottoms to look over the cover there. The library was a room Mrs. Woolford was very fond of. It had a large bow window opening on to a croquet-lawn as smooth as velvet, bounded on two sides by the ivy-covered walls of the kitchen-garden, on the other by a shrubbery of evergreens; a few bright flowers were on the bed in front of the evergreens and under the walls, but that was all. Rather a dreary prospect perhaps in winter, for the view was absolutely bounded by the walls, but very bright in varied hues of brilliant green in the full sunshine of the fine autumn day. Mrs. Woolford loved the sunshine; she had had all the blinds pulled up, and now sat in the window, simply enjoying it. Her embroidery was on a table near her, and a book with a book-marker; but she had walked rather far and was tired, with just that pleasant sense of fatigue which makes rest a luxury; so she sat in the low chair, her hands resting idly in her lap, her eyes turned dreamily to the sunlit grass, a very fair picture. The picture of a beautiful woman, well content.

The door opened, and a young man in morning dress entered. A dark handsome man of about thirty, with an air of easy nonchalance about him, and a very still reserved face. Mrs. Woolford heard the door open, but supposing it to be a servant, did not disturb her reverie or change her position. She sat still, gazing on at the sunlit grass. But finding the steps come towards her, she turned her head to see whom it might be. The room was a large one, and it was when the visitor was about three yards from her. As her eyes fell upon him she rose to her feet and stood there, leaning forward with parted lips, and eyes grown big with fear and wonder, while every trace of color fled from her face, and left it of a dull dead white. The man, too, stood still, astonished evidently, but on his face there was no fear.

"Geoffrey!" she gasped, rather than spoke, as soon as the words could be forced from her parched throat; "you here? Geoffrey, you must not stay, you must go."

"Must I, Mary? Why, that is hardly kind after so long an absence," he came up to her and held out his hand. "Nay, do not look at me as if I were so very horrible a monster; shake hands for old love's sake, won't you, Mary? or, perhaps, I should say, Miss Merton?"

But Mary's hands clasped each other; he let his fall with a slight shrug—he had lived much abroad—and a look of some vexation.

"I am Mrs. Woolford, wife of General Woolford," came painfully from Mary's pale lips. "Now, Geoffrey Hilton, don't you see that however you come to be here, you must go?"

The lips of the man she called Geoffrey smiled, but his eyes were cold and cruel; he was not prepared to have any tenderness for the wife of General Woolford; he answered, however, smoothly.

"Not the least in the world—on the contrary,

my sudden departure would not only be inconvenient but would look exceedingly awkward, my fair cousin; since cousin it seems you are. I also have to introduce myself under a new name; you are Mrs. Woolford, I am Mr. Woolford; or, in full, Charles Geoffrey Hilton Woolford—and, if you permit, your most faithful servant and slave." This with a low bow.

She sat back in her chair and moaned softly to herself; the sun shone on, the birds twittered, but for her there was no more sunshine in garden or in life. The ghost of the dead past had risen and stood before her; the one young passionate love of her life, buried at such sore cost, with such bitter pains, had come out of its grave; it looked from his eyes, breathed in his low smooth tones, hung about his every gesture. And yet he had left her, left her with hardly a compunction when his pleasure called him to another place. The pleasant little game of flirtation is much enlivened by an occasional change of partners, and he had had that one nearly long enough.

Yes, after wooing very warmly and seeming to love very tenderly, he had left her without word or sign of warning or farewell. He came no more; he was gone; that was all she knew. Then she had sickened with that terrible sickness of hope deferred; had faded, pined, longed to lie down and die. But she did not. Only hardened and withered inwardly into a cold, quiet, worn woman, to whom love and trust and hope were sounds that had a very hollow ring. After a while she married Captain Green; she liked him well enough, and he adored her; and she and her sister were eating the bread of all

old aunt, bread not over freely given. So they married and got themselves homes.

And now Mary was Mrs. Woolford; and Geoffrey Hilton, her lost young lover, whom she had loved with heart and soul, to whom, had he been true, she would have proved true in life and in death for ever, stood again in the flesh before her, her husband's cousin, a guest beneath her roof.

A very few minutes, and she sat upright, pushed back her hair, and spoke in a quite new tone, and with a smile.

"You are right, Mr. Woolford. The past is altogether past—so very long ago, too; it is most foolish of me even to recollect it. Won't you sit? My acquaintance with Mr. Woolford begins to-day; I have never met him before, you know; and I trust it may prove a pleasant one."

As she spoke, Mr. Woolford's eyes scanned her curiously, but she did not shrink. When she asked him to sit, he dropped into a chair on the other side of the window. Then a new feeling of admiration was stirred in him. "By Jove, what a splendid creature!" was his thought,—"game to the backbone." What he said was, "It shall not be Mr. Woolford's fault if it does not; and yours it cannot be."

She smiled again. "Will you take luncheon? No? A stroll in the grounds, perhaps? You would prefer to remain here and chat? By all means, then." And Mrs. Woolford discoursed croquet, birds, neighbors, &c. in the lightest and easiest style imaginable. More than once Mr. Woolford thought, "By Jove!" more than once he experienced a very real admiration for the pale quiet woman who, after the first sudden shock, covered her wound so well. She was something very different from the simple artless girl whom he had so lightly won, so lightly left; very different, and much more to his taste.

Mrs. Woolford made a great mistake. The eyes, the voice, the touch of Charles Woolford stirred old memories of a love thought to be dead, and frightened her. She knew the General's frank generous nature well by this time, and would not have feared to tell him an early episode of a dead love; but was the love dead? While those eyes, resting on her, set her pulses beating wildly; while that voice thrilled her; while even the sound of his coming steps sent a tremor through her frame—could it be that the love was indeed dead? Conscience made a coward of her; she shrank inexpressibly from letting the General know of that bitter-sweet past, and kept the secret; dwelt in daily intercourse under her husband's roof with Charles Woolford, with the secret of a former love between them; a love which, at first, she thought to be living still.

Charles Woolford had no such thoughts about his love. He knew well enough that it had been but one of many forgotten loves with which he had amused himself when wandering under his painting alias; so well forgotten, that but for the meeting it would in all probability never have been brought to mind. So light a thing, that but for the special circumstances, and Mary's evident emotion and fear, it would, when brought to mind, hardly have cost him a single reflection. As it was his memory was roused keenly, and some breaths of earlier genuine feeling were wafted to him across the years; then Mary's coldness and avoidance, patent to him though invisible to others, plucked his pride and self-love. She was a splendid woman; brave, cool, and wonderfully self-possessed; but should it be that, when the girl had been so wholly his, the woman should be able to smile cool scorn on him, let her be ever so cool and ever so scornful to every other son of Adam?

A little twinge of remorse came to him at the thought of the General, his kinsman, who had lived a hard life in foreign lands, and known little of the joys of home or country until now; but he laughed it off. He was not going to hurt the General, he only meant to have a little pastime; the pastime of making Mary sigh and blush and tremble for him. Of course there had been nothing of that with the General—never could be; so it would be no loss to him. And when Mary had fallen before his fascinations; when she had learned again to watch and wait and long for his presence, as a parched thirsty soul for running waters—why, he would enjoy it for a while, and then he would ride away. He was very sure of himself, was Mr. Woolford. His love or passion had never mastered his will. Perhaps he forgot to reflect that, as he had always given his passion the rein, this was not so much of a victory as it might seem.

The General was delighted that Charles found his wife so charming; and thoroughly approved the routine of riding, driving, walking, &c., which Charles soon succeeded in establishing, despite of Mary's efforts to the contrary; for she was fettered by the fear of self-betrayal, and soon by the fear, also, of angering him too far. And in all these occupations and amusements he was constantly at her side; low of voice, gentle of manner; with soft passionate eyes, that grew more passionate and less soft from day to day.

But presently the General saw with concern that his wife was growing pale again; that her face wore the still Sphinx-like look which it had done when first he saw her; while she started at every sound. Had he made a mistake? Did she find her old husband a weight and a drag to her; and had the society of Charles shown her that he, the General, was tedious and tiresome and old? A very wistful look grew into his eyes. If true it would be so sad a thing, for he could not help her, could not set her free; and he began to fear that it was true indeed. He could not free her, but he kept away from her; sparing her as much as might be the burden of his presence.

And she grew sick and sad at heart. Wonder-

ing if he had found out anything; how much? Wondering and fearing. Fearing in more ways than one; for Charles Woolford's passion had been told in all but words; it trembled in his tones, and glowed in his burning eyes. A fierce strong passion that made her shrink with fear; for he would not go, and she could not make him. Oh, if only she had told the General at first! But now after this long concealment, she could not tell him—it was not possible.

One day she was left at home alone. She had proposed that Charles Woolford should accompany the General, who was going to look at an outlying farm; to her surprise he had consented, and the two had ridden away together. She was very worn and weary, and the sunshine of the late October had no power to cheer her; it seemed to make her feel more sad. As she looked at it tears welled from her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks. They eased her somewhat. It was a relief to know that for a certain time she was free; to think, to weep, to do as she would. Presently she wrapped a shawl round her, and walked for a while slowly round the croquet lawn, watching the withered leaves that shivered in the passing wind, then dropped unheeded to the earth. She went to a seat, placed back amongst the evergreens, and sat down there; her hands lay idly in her lap, while again the slow tears rolled down her face.

A little path led through the evergreens, close by the seat, to the gardens in front of the house. Mary had been seated but a few minutes, when a step sounded on this path—a hurried step—but she paid no heed to it; for there was no one at home whose presence could concern her. The step came near, and Charles Woolford stood before her.

She looked at him with head thrown back and dilated eyes. "Mr. Woolford—you here!" she said.

"Yes, I am here; I found I had a headache," he laughed; "so left the General to pursue his way alone. I am here, and you are here; and there is no one here besides. At last, at last!" And he drew near to her.

"No," she said, "oh, no! Go away, Mr. Woolford, go!"

"Go away! Not if all the fiends in hell were here to drive me," he said fiercely. "I am mad with love of you, Mary, mad; do you hear? And you say go away? But you don't mean it, Mary; you can't;" and his tone softened. "You remember the old days too well; you remember our walks by the river, when the sun glistened through the trees, and I tried to catch his beams upon your waving hair. You remember the old hawthorn, where first I pressed your hands, while the blossoms fell about our feet. You remember that walk from the picnic through the summer woods, and hearts and lips were joined, and you vowed to love me, me only, for ever!" As a rushing torrent his words had come; while Mary sat pale, shrinking, speechless. "Ah, had she not remembered?" Then he paused for an instant, and his voice grew infinitely soft, "And you do, Mary, I know you do. I only have been false; but I am false no longer. And you, you have always been true. O Mary, my darling, come to me!"

He opened his arms to embrace her, when another arm was stretched between him and her; and, turning, they saw a rigid ashen-gray face looking down on them.

"No," the General said, in deep stern tones; and stood there still.

Mary uttered a sort of moan, and covered her face with her hands.

"I did not know my cousin played the spy!" said Charles, in the fury of his passion, at the sudden and hopeless check.

"Nor I that mine played the villain," said the General coolly. "I met John Sykes, who told me his father had gone to market; so I turned and rode home fast, thinking to surprise you. I have surprised you.—But oh, Mary, why did you not tell me? If you had only told me you loved him before we were married, he should have had house and lands, but you should have been happy! Now it is too late; I cannot help you. Come home, Mary;" and he held out his arm to her.

Mary's heart was very full. Full of passionate admiration; full of love and pride in this gentle, generous, kindly man, whose only thought was pardon, pity, help for her. But she shivered and trembled; there was something in her throat; she could neither speak nor move.

The General spoke again, sternly this time. "Mary, come—you must."

She rose and steadied herself, not touching him, but holding by the seat. "It is a mistake," she said; "you do not understand. I do not love Mr. Woolford. Years ago, when I was a girl, I loved a man who called himself Geoffrey Hilton. It is Mr. Woolford—and I—I loathe him! he is wearing my life away. Harold, I love you, you only! I almost worship you, I think!" she cried passionately.

Then ensued such a terrible scene of fierce reckless passion, so unlike the calm quiet proprieties of English life, so out of character with the ordinary actions of an English gentleman, that Mary, looking back on it, always felt as if it must have been some sudden evil dream; that it could not have really and actually happened in the quiet garden of Woolford Manor. She felt this always, even while looking at the physical traces which showed that it had been no dream, but very deadly fact.

When Mary avowed her love for her husband, Charles Woolford's face changed fearfully: it was an awful face—like the face of one possessed. It seemed as if the hopeless obstruction of his headlong passion, just when it was pre-

pared to burst all bounds, destroy, or all remain,

of reason, judgment, or feeling. He was a madman and a savage; as such he acted. "So I am to be fooled like this?" he said slowly, drawing the gaze of both to his distorted evil face, and holding it there with a sort of fascination while his hand slipped into his pocket and fell upon a something there, a something which, in his wandering life, he had grown used to carry always about with him. "So I am to be fooled like this? Well, then, your precious love shall at least do him no good!"

Quick as lightning the pistol was levelled at the General's breast; but it took the fraction of a second to cock it. In that second Mary had thrown herself upon him, her arms round his neck, covering him all but the head; the noble head that had raised itself proud and happy when Mary had uttered those precious words.

With her body she covered him. Then, even in his madness and ferocity, Charles Woolford would have held his hand, but it was too late; the trigger was pulled, the bullet sped. The hand which held the pistol dropped, a pallid horror grew into his face, a darkness fell upon his eyes, so that he could not see. The next few seconds were as years to him, years of agony and remorse.

Then he saw the General supporting Mary; her head lay on his shoulder, but she was not dead—no, thank Heaven, she was not dead! She was faint and pale, and the blood was oozing from a wound in her arm, but she was surely alive. With a gasping cry he moved towards them, as if to help, but the General signed to him to keep off, as to some noxious and unholy thing. He looked at the pale, sweet, true face of his wife, and murmured in tender broken tones, "O Mary, Mary, I would rather have died!"

Through the faintness and pallor of Mary's face her happiness shone; she spoke, though with effort. "I am so glad," she said, "so very glad; I don't think it is much; but if it is—if I were to die even, I am so very glad!"

Charles Woolford, standing near, saw and heard. He had grievously sinned, and he had his reward. This love of Mary's had become Paradise to him, and he was driven from it hopelessly for ever. That he knew. One last look he gave to her face; then, saying hoarsely, "I will send assistance," went into the house, asking neither pity nor forgiveness, expressing no remorse. He did send help at once, and rode himself to fetch the doctor; then, after hearing that there was no fear for Mary's life, without seeing either of them again, he went his way and troubled them no more; as how could he?

Mary's wound was painful, and took long to heal, but finally it was cured; and a painful arm does not seem a very sore trouble when you have just escaped from heartache. Mary was very happy; she had no more secrets and no more trouble; neither had the General any more troubles on the score of his age, or any other score. Well assured of his wife's love, he could bear any minor evils very lightly; the few that met him were but as floating straws on the deep current of his full content. Loyal, kindly General Woolford! he deserved to be happy; and he was.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A CONUNDRUM.—Napanee had a conundrum contest the other evening, at the conclusion of an entertainment:—The first prize for the best conundrum was awarded to Mr. William Brown, printer, Ann street, who was the author of the following:—Why was the Shah of Persia during his visit to England the greatest card-player in the world? Because the swells gave up their clubs, the workmen threw down their spades, and the ladies were within an ace of losing their hearts, when he came to show his diamonds.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDALS.—The Paris Communists have struck a medal in commemoration of the fiery days of May, 1871, and a seizure of nearly 8,000 has been made by the Paris police. This medal is about the size of a 5s. piece. On the obverse is a Phrygian bonnet with the words "Commune de Paris, 1871." On the reverse, in a circle, is inscribed (translated), "Battalion of Petrolists, called Children of Thunder, 20th May, 1871," while inside the circle is a second inscription (translated), "The citizens Pariselle and Giffault organized bands of women and children, with brushes and saucepan, to paint and fire the walls of the houses."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—What an unselfish thing is a mother's love for her baby! No other ever equals it. Children love their parents partly because they are necessary to them—because all good things are the gifts of their hands—because they are the wonderful, powerful creatures who keep danger away, and bring about their pleasures. The all-absorbing love of after-life is never quite unselfish. We love both passionately and tenderly, perhaps; but it is because we know ourselves to be beloved—because of the personal charms or fine mental qualities of the object of our affection; but a baby—what does a baby do to win such all-absorbing love from its mother? If any grown mortal gave her such ceaseless anxiety, such pain, and toil, and trouble, such wakeful nights, and in return gave no greater meed of love or gratitude, how long would her affection endure? Yet this small thing not yet beautiful, so helpless that it cannot hold its head up properly—that is almost always in a paroxysm of grief from unknown causes, save when it has such legitimate reason for woe as the colic, or an ill-placed pin—something that robs her almost entirely of all her former pleasures; this she adores—this she lavishes her heart's wealth of tenderness upon—would wake for, toll for, starve for if necessary, die for if need be.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"WHAT," said a teacher to a pupil, "makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded: "Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speaker. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

A BLUSHING damsel called at the office of a paper a few days since and inquired for "papers for a week back," and that innocent young publisher's clerk thought she wanted perhaps a sticking-plaster, instead of a bundle of papers suitable for a bustle.

OUR Teutonic friend Johannes K— entered one of our drug stores and thus addressed one of the clerks:

"Toctor, I feel sig all ofer, und de beebles dells me I better take one fissick."

"All right, Sir," says the clerk. "Will you have a dose of salts or some purgative pills?"

"Vell, vot it cost for dem saulds?"

"Ten cents, Sir."

"Und how much for dem fissicking pill?"

"I'll give you a dose at the same price."

After a vain search in his pocket for the required sum, he asked:

"Toctor, you tond got no second-hand fissick-

ing pills, ain't you?"

WHILE Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pawling were riding through Wooster street, Friday afternoon, they were stopped by a stranger with a book under his arm, who came up to the wagon and said he had called at their house but did not find them at home, and took the liberty of addressing them now. He explained that he was canvassing for a neat little work entitled "Helps for the Home Circle," being a collection of thoughts of the best minds of the age, a work that was adapted to a larger circle of readers than any other extant, and one which must necessarily improve the tone of domestic life, add to the refinement and intelligence of society, and fill the hearts of all with a longing for the purer things of—just then Mr. Pawling's horse stepped ahead, and dragged one wheel of the wagon right over the foot of the speaker. With a howl of agony the miserable man dropped to the ground, and then immediately sprang up again, and taking the injured member up in both hands, and still howling dismally, hopped across to the side-walk. Mr. Pawling waited a reasonable length of time, but seeing that the man showed no intention of resuming the topic, he drove on.

SOMEbody who was coming down Main street after the rain a few evenings ago, swinging an umbrella and smoking a pipe, attracted the attention of isolated members of the fire department and enthusiastic outsiders, who, in turn, attracted his attention to the fact that his umbrella was on fire, and the fire gaining volume at every swing of the material feeding it. By this time a boy, with astonishing presence of mind, had attached the street hose, and immediately bombarded the man with the cooling element. Then the man threw the umbrella and went for the boy, and the boy, frightened by the prospect of danger, lost his presence of mind, and turned the hose square in the man's face. The force was so great as to knock the man completely from his feet and to drive him into a hatchway. When he threw the umbrella, it struck an old lady named Byxbee, and he disappeared down the hatchway just in time to avoid an awful kick sent after him by the indignant Mr. Byxbee, and which deprived that gentleman of his balance, and sent him also into the hatchway and on top of the drenched object of his attack. They were both helped out by the people who congregated, and, with the exception of a few scratches, were not injured. The umbrella was ruined, and Mrs. Byxbee lost a breast-pin.—*Danbury News.*

A MAN named Gilsey, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrances, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver brook mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see on a flat stone in the water, a snapping-turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face and bare head, and dust-begrimed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that no harm had been done.

OUR PUZZLER.

125. CENTRAL DELETIONS.

1. An animal, a garment; 2. A Christian name, a title; 3. The apex, a bridge; 4. A crown, mud; 5. A crown, a subaltern; 6. A serpent, a female name; 7. A cure, to preserve; 8. An Indian province, perpendicular to the base.

126. LITERAL CHARADE.

In hail, not in rain; stick, not in cane; vault not in bound; noise, not in some; throw, not in fling; rope, not in string; owl, but not in bat; dog, not in cat; black, not in brown; and my whole's an English seaport town.

127. CHARADE.

My first is very sweet,
And from my whole is taken;
Second in a school you'll meet,
Or I'm very much mistaken.

In sultry climes my whole is found
Where land and labor's cheap;
But water'd well must be the ground,
The goodly crops to reap.

128. ANAGRAMS.

1. Van D visit Nile god; 2. Hot doom; 3. Huh, lag bald curser; 4. O, rabble, he hew? no, ran, brute; 5. See, Richard kills; 6. O, defend a lie; 7. A war, eh, calm boy? 8. Ye sold true magical lore; 9. Go, old boy, end grog nor err; 10. Well, sir, he'll venom ode; 11. Jobs, none N.

129. VERBAL CHARADE.

In gore, and boar, and soar, and roar;
In bribe, and tribe, and side, and wide;
In rest, and crest, and best, and nest;
In glow, and blow, and row, and bow;
In swell, and dwell, and bell, and mell;
Spell, and tell a name known well.

130. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

The initials and finals of the following (which are all geographical words) will name two cities of Hindostan. Hog and 1,056 e; terra and 101 o; so, as 1,000; rum and 1 a; grebe and 1,050; air and 51; pope and 100 r; roar and 1,050; these ten rats and 501; a ton and a 51 a; noses and 2,500 u.

131. LOGOGRIPH.

A hundred and two, and fifty-five added to me, transposed aright, will show what all good fellows should be.

132. EXTRACTIONS.

1. My first you will not like to see.
2. An animal in this you see.
3. Upon most people these have been.
4. And in the garden this is seen.

133. SQUARE WORDS.

1. To turn back; an editor; a city in Italy; pertaining to the power of seeing; reversed; to rove; to journey.

2. An instrument to raise weights; to run away privately; a folding door, with the last two letters reversed; to puff up; to carouse.

134. CHARADES.

I.

A Latin preposition please put down for my first;
A little cake, my second, you'll find when it's rehearsed.

To frisk about with measured steps will prove to be my third;
It's done all over Europe where music's to be heard.

"More than enough," my whole does mean;
I hope by this the answer's seen.

II.

The limb of an animal first is reckoned;
And the world, we are told, will come to my second;
A beam of light is my third (transpose);
And the whole something fabulous will disclose.

135. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

The sums of two numbers are 10 and 20 respectively; and one taken from each of the large numbers leaves the same in each case. What are the numbers?

136. CHARADE.

So innocent I and yet that men
Their kindness should forego;
And make of him the thing you see,
And "dress him out" for show.
What will become of them for it,
Where good folk look to go?

And yet one's next, you may have found,
Will sometimes do the same;
They'll turn you—no, your means—into.
Those birds I need not name.
The creatures differ (of one kind)
In plumage greatly, so you will mind.

Sweet sacrifice! and yet, withal,
This funny thought of ours,
As whole. He to himself returns,
And his dear native bowers—
Or rather, fields. And here he strays,
(Perhaps) from man's "devouring" ways.

Dance on! But no; how can he dance?
His ardor how express?
His limbs, forestalled, a bartered prize;
His head where want more freely buys;
Transposed, no lustre in his eyes—
What freedom could be less?

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 18th, 1873.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."
We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

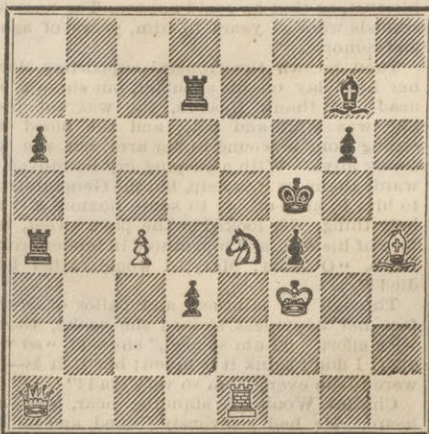
ALPHA, Whitby.—Your analyses of Problems Nos. 7 and 8 are quite correct. We can only accept No. 16, which is given below, for the reasons stated last week.

DAMARIS.—Your request shall be attended to.

PROBLEM No. 11.

By "ALPHA," Whitby.

BLACK.



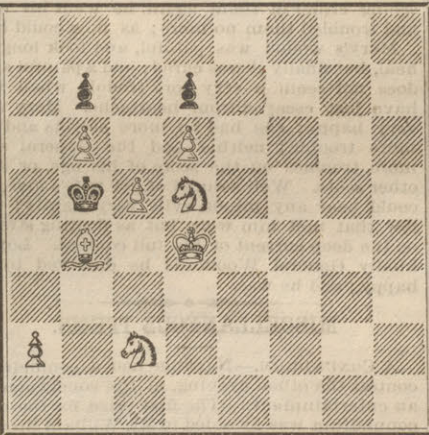
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 12.

By T. D. S. MOORE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 7.

White. Black.
1. K. to Q. Kt. 1st. 1. Any move.
2. Mates acc.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 8.

White. Black.
1. P. to B 8th claiming B. 1. Moves.
2. B. mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 9.

White. Black.
1. P. to K. R. 8th claiming Kt. 1. Any move.
2. Mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 10.

White. Black.
1. R. to Q. 5th. 1. Anything.
1. Mates acc.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

MY DEAR READERS,—We will resume our examination of games, illustrating the "Philidor Defence," with the following, played by a party of amateurs, three on each side, in consultation:

GAME NO. 5.

Philidor Defence.

White. Black.
1. P. to K. 4th. 1. P. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 2. P. to Q. 3rd.
3. Q. to K. B. 3rd is not good; it is generally best to defend with a pawn or minor piece.
4. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. takes P.
5. Q. takes P. 4. B. to Q. 2nd.
In games 3 and 4, the second players at this point advanced the Q. Kt. to attack the Q., afterwards playing B. to Q. 2. This move for Black is recommended by Mr. Boden, and is preferred by Jaenisch to the move previously given.
5. B. to K. B. 4th.
Opinion is divided as to where this B. should be

played. If advanced a square farther, the following are the moves likely to occur:

5. B. to K. Kt. 5. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
Black counter-attacks the Queen.
6. B. takes Q. Kt. takes Q.
7. Kt. takes Kt. K. takes B.

6. Q. to Q. 2nd.
You will observe that White cannot counter-attack by B. to K. Kt. 5th now without losing a piece.

7. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 7. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
8. B. to K. 2nd.
Black can achieve nothing by playing 8. B. to K. Kt. 5th, and this B. might, therefore, be posted where he will have greater scope. Some recommend instead of the move in the text 8. B. to Q. 3rd or Q. B. 4th; others 8. Castles (Q. R.) and 9. B. to Q. 3rd. Either are, doubtless, better than the move in this game.

9. Castles, Q. side. 9. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th.
Threatening to take the B. P. and simultaneously attack both Rooks.

10. K. R. to K. B. 1st. 10. B. to K. 3rd.
11. P. to K. R. 3rd.
You must even be watchful that when you drive an adverse piece from his position that you do not force him to a square less advantageous to yourself.

11. K. Kt. to K. 4th.
12. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 12. B. to K. B. 3rd.

13. Kt. to Q. 5th.
The exchanges which this move brings about do not result favorably for White. Young players are very fond of making a rattle amongst the men in this way, but you should study well that for every man you dispose of you get an equivalent either in men or position. In this case White gets an equal number of men, but his position is by no means improved, as the sequel shows.

14. P. takes B. 13. B. takes Kt.
15. B. takes Kt. 14. Kt. takes Kt.
16. B. to K. 4th. 15. Kt. to K. 4th.

A manifest blunder, which gives the Black allies an irresistible attack. B. to K. 2nd is a more natural move.

16. Kt. to Q. B. 5th.
17. B. takes K. R. P. (ch.)
There appears to be no better move. If the Black K. takes B., White replies 18. Q. to Q. 3, (ch.) and takes the Kt. next move.

18. Q. to Q. 3rd. 17. K. to R. 1st.
19. K. to Q. Kt. 1st. 18. B. takes Q. Kt. P. (ch.)
20. Q. to K. B. 5th. 19. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
21. B. takes Kt. P. 20. P. to K. Kt. 3rd.
22. Q. takes P. 21. P. takes B.
23. K. takes R. 22. Q. to K. B. 3rd.

If R. takes B. White would win it by checking at R. 6th.

23. Q. to R. 5th (ch.) 23. K. to Kt. 1st.
24. Q. to Kt. 5th (ch.) 24. Q. takes Q.
25. B. takes Q. 25. R. to K. B. 6th.
26. Q. R. to Q. 3rd. 26. Q. R. to K. B. 1st.

27. K. takes R.
Had they played R. to Q. Kt. 3rd with the hope of winning the B. and Kt. in exchange for it, the following pretty variation would have occurred:

27. R. to Q. Kt. 3. R. takes B. P.
28. R. takes B. R. takes R.
29. R. takes B., and Black gives mate in four moves.

27. R. takes Q. R.
28. P. to K. R. 4th. 28. B. to K. B. 3rd.
And White gave up the game.

GAME NO. 6.

Philidor Defence.

White.

Black.

MR. SZEN. MR. HAMPE.
1. P. to K. 4th. 1. P. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 2. P. to Q. 3rd.
3. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. takes P.
4. Kt. takes P.

In the previous games the attack here captured the Pawn with his Queen.

4. P. to Q. 4th.
Liberating his K. B. and attacking the Black K. P. At one time this was thought a very powerful move, but latterly strong players are not so much inclined to adopt it. If 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd, Black replies 5. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.

5. P. to K. 5th.
Should he play instead of this
5. Kt. to K. B. 3rd P. takes P.
6. Q. takes Q. K. takes Q.
7. Kt. to Kt. 5.

If White had now advanced P. to Q. B. 4th, Black would have responded 6. B. to Q. Kt. 5th (ch.)
6. B. to K. 3rd. 6. Kt. to K. 2nd.
7. P. to K. 6th.

It is not usually good policy to trade off the centre Pawn for the K. B. P. He ought to have brought out his pieces.

8. Kt. takes P. 7. P. takes P.
9. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 8. B. to Q. Kt. 6th (ch.)
White might have won the B. P. now without any danger.

10. P. takes B. 10. Castles.
11. B. to Q. 3rd. 11. B. to K. B. 4th.
12. Castles. 12. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
13. P. to Kt. 5th. 13. Kt. to K. 4th.
14. B. takes B. 14. Kt. takes B.
15. B. to K. B. 4th. 15. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.
16. Q. to Q. 2nd. 16. P. to Q. 5th.

With the intention of winning the exchange by 17. Kt. takes B., and 18. Kt. to K. 6th, but his opponent does not give him the opportunity.

17. Q. to Q. 3rd. 17. Q. to Q. 3rd.
18. Q. to Q. 3rd. 18. Kt. to K. 4th.
19. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd (ch.) 19. K. to R. 1st.
20. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 20. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.
21. B. to K. B. 4th. 21. Kt. to R. 5th.

Threatening mate.

22. B. to Kt. 3rd. 22. R. to K. B. 5th.
23. K. R. to K. 1st. 23. R. to K. 1st.

White's position appears to be full of difficulties, which this move does not seem likely to lessen. He might perhaps with better effect have played 23. Kt. to Q. 6th, and then if his opponent should attack his Q. with R., he might counter-attack by 24. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.

24. K. to K. R. 1st. 24. R. takes P.
25. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.

Of course if B. takes the R., mate instantly follows.

26. Kt. takes Kt. 25. Q. R. to K. B. 1st.
27. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 26. Q. to K. 5th.
He dare not take the Q. on account of the impending mate.

27. Q. to K. Kt. 5th.
28. Kt. takes Kt. 28. Q. to K. 7th.
29. B. takes R.
And the game is in Black's possession.

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events Literature, Science and Art. Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement.

Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada,

By Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance. . . . \$4.00 per an.

Single Numbers, 10 cents.

Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and THE FAVORITE will be sent to one address for one year for \$5.00.

CLUBS:

Every club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year mailed to one address.

Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers.

Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher.

Advertisements received, to a limited number at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE.

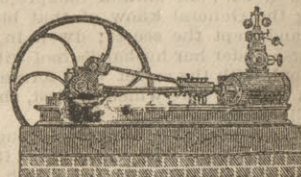
Will distinguish the time by a church clock five miles, a FLAGSTAFF and WINDOW BARS 10 MILES; landscape twenty miles distant, and will define the SATELLITES OF JUPITER and the PHASES OF VENUS, &c., &c. This extraordinary CHEAP and POWERFUL glass is of the best make and possesses ACHROMATIC LENSES and is equal to a telescope costing \$20.00. NO STUDENT OR TOURIST should be without one. Sent Post free to all parts in the Dominion of Canada on receipt of price, \$3.00

H. SANDERS,

Optician, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

Illustrated Catalogue 16 pages sent free for one stamp.



EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL

GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED, 1823.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines, Steam Boilers and machinery generally.
Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR. St. 1-26-21

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. 2-13-1 an

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LIQUOR Labels is now very complete.

GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS,

AND ALL AT

VERY MODERATE PRICE.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS.

Orders can be promptly sent by parcel post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS &c.

319 ST. ANTOINE STREET

AND

1 Place d'Armes Hill,

MONTREAL.

TO PRINTERS.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Old Type, or paid in Electrotype or Stereotype work. Apply at this office.

THE FAVORITE is printed and published by George E. DESBARATS, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Dominion of Canada.